

# THE NOVEMBER Picturegoer

VOL. 6. NO. 35.  
1923.

Monthly

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net.



Matheson Lang  
as  
"GUY FAWKES"

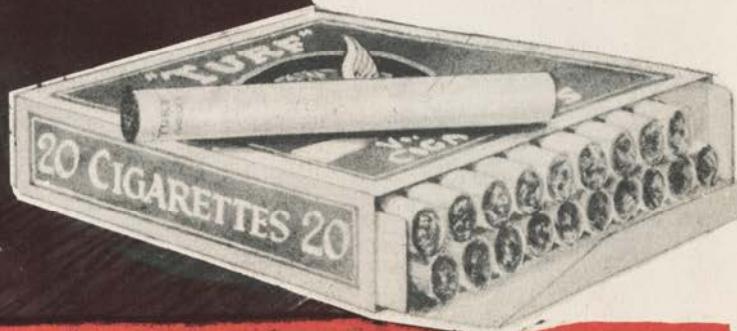
# Ivor Novello

*The well-known Atlas Biocraft Star who was specially engaged by D. W. Griffith.*

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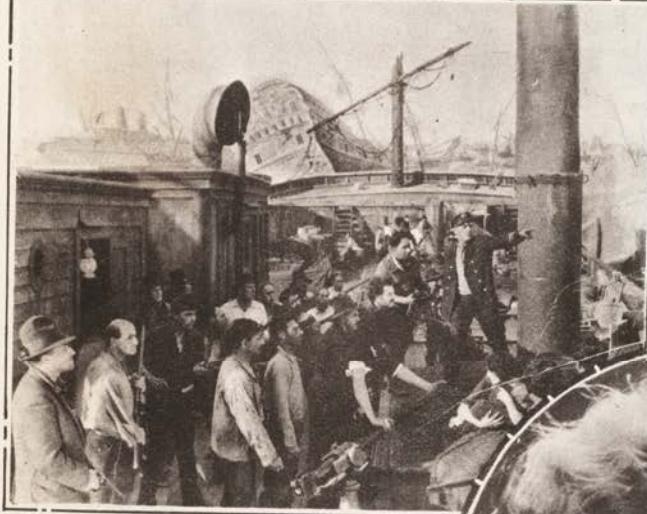
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# NOVEMBER NOVELTIES

*Pictures You should see this month*



The Battle on The Isle of Lost Ships.

**T**HIS ISLE OF LOST SHIPS. With the arrival of the dark days and drawing in of the evenings, one's mind naturally travels to firesides, ghosts stories and strange imaginings. A particularly happy release, therefore, is Maurice Tourneur's new First National production *The Isle of Lost Ships*, a fantastic tale of the sea, which rivals in its adventurous and imaginative story, even the weird fiction of Jules Verne himself. Telling in a series of dramatic scenes of the adventures of three castaways, who find themselves thrown upon a strange island in the mysterious Sargasso Sea, where the hulls of century-old galleons are homes of a band of shipwrecked sailors ruled over by a Czar-like captain, it is packed with moments of dramatic intensity, seldom surpassed on the screen. For on *The Isle of Lost Ships*, a strange law obtains, whereby a woman is forced to choose her mate within twenty-four hours. A terrific hand-to-hand fight—the escape in the submarine, and the battle on board ship are moments of action which you will love.

Abe and Mawruss disagree again.



As an example of genuine true-to-life drama, it is a picture that you should certainly make a point of seeing.

The cast is all that could be desired, one of the outstanding performances being that of Paul Panzer in the comedy role. Edwin Carewe, a rising young director was behind the megaphone.

Dorothy Mackail.



And she played him "Mighty Lak' A Rose."



**P**O'TASH AND PERLMUTTER. On the Screen at last! Bringing to it all their subtle fun, their clean, clever, chuckle-creating comedy, Potash and Perlmutter have arrived! One rocks with delight at the amazing and amusing adventures of these kings of comedy. Mawruss and Abe, the ever-quarrelsome business men, yet ever fast friends, whose business worries are only equalled by their family troubles, are delightful. There is a splendid love story, too, to entrance and hold one spellbound. Spectacular settings, mirth-making moments, delightful dancing and dynamic-drama, combine to make *Potash and Perlmutter*, one of the big screen successes of the season. The original stage stars have been engaged for the production, in Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr, and Vera Gordon (mother of "Humoresque"). There are, too, the Ziegfeld Follies, and Music Box Revue Beauties, nor must one omit to mention the "Fokine Dancers."

The success which the original stories and the stage plays met is almost certain to be repeated, and we advise readers to make a point of seeing the screen version.

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Dorothy Gish

**MAE MURRAY**

*Universally acknowledged as the butterfly-girl of the screen. That screen butterflies are not lacking in large-heartedness is demonstrated by the fact that Mae recently paid for all Hollywood's crippled kiddies to go to a special concert at the Bowl Auditorium.*



## PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

*Rupert Julian directing "The Merry-go-Round"*

VOL. 6. No. 35. NOVEMBER, 1923.

Editorial Offices :  
93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission  
by Canadian Magazine post.

# Our November Movie Calendar



away Woolworth Building to Yeomen of Guards.

3.—Scottish Monster Studios erected and insured, 1930.

4.—Scottish Monster Studios burnt, 1930.

5.—Author Movie Calendar burnt, 1923.

6.—Bill Hart goes to Sweden to produce comedies, 1924.

7.—Sherlock Holmes discovers plot of "Covered Wagon," 1999.

8.—First film to be like posters outside, 1980.

9.—First £500 million-dollar film produced Glasgow, 1934.

RITISH film companies begin exterior work.

2.—Matheson Lang says produced Guy Fawkes in England to save Guy trouble of having to explain

10.—First \$1,000,000 million-dollar film produced U.S.A., 1987.

11.—Producer with sense of humour offers Sam Mayo film contract.

12.—Public complaint that lighting at Ifit Picturedrome so bad pictures cannot be seen.

13.—E. A. Baughan sends little gift manager Ifit Picturedrome.

14.—Comma discovered in American subtitle. Subtitliste fired.

15.—Owing to scarcity of ideas on part Author Movie Calendar geraniums should now be planted.

16.—Daisy Dash, eminent star, celebrates majority, 1923-4-5-6-7.

17.—Eternal triangle takes monkey-gland course.

18.—Eille Norwood completes Sherlock Holmes films, 1954.

19.—Eille Norwood fails to recognise Eille Norwood, 1954.

20.—Children under ten no longer allowed in picturedromes, 1930.

21.—Children under ten no longer allowed to produce movies, 1940.

22.—Queen Anne gets Censor's job, 1925.

23.—D. W. Griffith produces his twelfth world's greatest, 1924.

24.—Justice Darling asks "Who is Charles Chaplin?"

25.—Moving pictures compulsory in jails, 1928.

26.—*Daily Mail* declares happiest men in movie business are commissioners outside.

27.—Educational films still fail to teach their producers anything, 1930.

28.—Join Blinkety's Christmas Club. (Advt.)

29.—America produces its greatest yet. (No advt.)

30.—Approach of Christmas brings boom to seaside kinemas. Now open two nights a week.

# With Seastrom in Culver City

by Frank A. Tilley



Patsy  
Ruth  
Miller as  
"Fenella."

When it was announced that Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish director, was going to California to make pictures, everyone interested in the progress of the screen took heart afresh.

"Now at last," they said, "America has realised that something beyond her own wonderful mechanical perfection is necessary if picture-making is to advance. She has given us all she has to give—technical advance beyond all anticipation—lavishness and spectacular effect. But she has given us in her pictures no soul, no meaning, and very little heart. Because she cannot give what she has not got. But now she has realised the need for these things to be added to her own material perfection, America should give us pictures which come close to the realisation of all the

"Bessie" (Mae Busch), wasting deadly eye-work upon unresponsive "Victor" (Conrad Nagel).

hopes of all of us who believe in the ultimate triumph of the motion picture in reaching a sphere in which it can be claimed as an

An impression of Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish Director, at work on his first American picture, "Name the Man" in Goldwyn Studio.



Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seastrom with their children. The first photograph ever taken of the whole family together.

art as well as a manufacturer."

So they await with the greatest interest the result of his first work in America. At the outset it

was announced that Seastrom was to choose his own story and his own cast. He chose

as his first story Sir Hall Caine's "Master of Man." Now the picture has been completed it has been changed (in the typical fashion which renamed Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" *Male and Female*) to *The Judge and the Woman*, and changed again to *Name the Man*. In justice to Goldwyn, however, it needs to be said that another film with the title of *Masters of Men* has recently been shown, and there is consequently a better excuse for renaming the story.

Originally Joseph Schildkraut, who was the hero in D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, was "chosen" by Seastrom, but after part of the picture was taken it was decided that Schildkraut had been miscast. Conferences were held, everyone on the executive side was in a state of anxious bewilderment, and by diplomacy—mostly on the part of Seastrom—Schildkraut was persuaded to realise that he had been miscast.

After much testing and discussion, Conrad Nagel was put into the part and the scenes retaken—which necessitated a journey to San Francisco and several days' extra work.

Seastrom had some little difficulty in acclimatising himself to America. There the methods are almost exactly opposite from those in Sweden, where perfection of theme and convincing sincerity of story, direction and acting

*Conrad Nagel and the ancestral ghosts who appear in "The Judge and the Woman."*

are the first considerations.

He found the atmosphere of the American studio entirely different. There the first consideration is putting the "movie stuff" into the picture—which inevitably means casting the story in a stereotype mould. Casting, again, depends, in a big organisation, not entirely on the suitability of the artiste, but on the fact that he (or she) is under contract.

When I saw him it was in the early morning. He was due in at Los Angeles station from 'Frisco at seven thirty and was leaving again at nine

o'clock to go East some hundred miles to meet his wife and his two children who were on their way out to join him.

Sitting in the station buffet at breakfast, we discussed his last two pictures, their defects, the reason for their making, and the terrific difficulties which faced a director of the artistic perception and feeling of Seastrom.

It is impossible to escape from the vicious circle. The American producer has flooded and still does flood the world with his product. The biggest market is in his own country, where the public taste is the lowest in the civilised world.

As a consequence, a good picture (in the artistic sense) has little chance of commercial success. If it does not conform to the American standards of "movie stuff" laid down by the people who rule the Trade there, no one in the States will put it out. And without the American market the foreign producer can hardly hope to carry on. Not merely because he needs the return which an American sale will bring, but because the flood of American pictures prevents his finding an adequate market in other countries.

After breakfast we occupied the interval by going uptown to look over the new automobile which Seastrom had bought. But he was much more concerned to impress on us the fact that he did not want and would not have the typical publicity-stunt "reception" when he arrived with his family later in the day. He was very emphatic about it—and he has a forceful manner. As the picture on which he had started was only in its first throes, he got his own way.

In the studio he has created a great impression. His quietness and his charm are things hitherto foreign to the American and to the studio, and many of the people who come into contact

mental difference between his temperament and methods and those of a typical director.

Seastrom was taking a scene in which a terrific storm is going on outside a cottage. The door opens and an old man staggers in. He has just seen a newly-dug grave—and he believes that it is for his daughter's unwanted baby.

In spite of the fearful whirr of aeroplane propellers producing the storm effects and the slash of the water as it was blown heavily through the doorway, Seastrom's voice never once rose. He walked about the set and spoke quietly to the artistes, he stood equally quietly by the camera and watched them rehearse till he was satisfied and ready to take.

*Mae Busch (Bessie), in a tearful close-up.*



*Seastrom  
from  
Sweden.*

the megaphoned voice proceeded.

Inside the screens I saw—a director at work on a close-up of a transparency of a cathedral window. No actors, no action—nothing but a piece of camera work. And the director was directing the lights and the photography!

As I said, that is the difference between Seastrom and a typical American film director.

What that difference produces *Name the Man* will probably show.



*Mae Busch,  
Patsy Ruth  
Miller, and  
Creighton Hale,  
awaiting the Judge's verdict.*

with him are bewildered at his manner. For he is a gentle man and a gentleman, and thus Hollywood finds him a new type.

While I was watching Seastrom direct a very intense scene in his picture, I saw an example of the funda-

*Filming  
"Name  
the  
Man."  
Victor  
Seastrom  
with his  
camera-man  
and other  
assistants on location.*



# All Scotch!

by  
JOSIE P. LEDERER



Breathes there a fan with soul so dead who doesn't envy Gladys Cooper.

**H**ave you ever stewed in your own juice? If not, don't try it; the sensation is most unpleasant. This is disinterested advice from one who has.

"Knowing your fatal fondness for bad language," said Gaumont's Studio Manager to me, barring with his body the door of the place, "which extends even to reporting it when it doesn't occur, I must ask you for your word of honour to write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth before I let you in this morning."

This to a journalist. I ask you?

"Journalists never lie," I replied. "If I mentioned bad language then you may bet I heard some. Since it was a slum story I should think it was b—" My companion hastily put his hand over my mouth. "Hush," he said. "It was B's and Bloater's last time."

I was only going to say Believable, anyway. "You can't fool a journalist," I told them, "Flora Le



Hugh Miller, Gladys Cooper, and Ivor Novello.

Bretton's kipper undoubtedly had atmosphere, and David Hawthorne certainly said . . ."

"I don't think she'd better come in," interrupted Bernard Bromhead, the studio manager.

"Let her in," pleaded the publicity man, who is a friend of mine, "and I'll stand surely." "It's a church scene this morning," said Bromhead, "so you can follow me. The Holyrood Ball is this afternoon." We

climbed the stairs to the studio where the interior of the Macdonald chapel occupied most of the floor space. There were stained-glass windows, an altar, a lectern and pews. And standing on the lectern, with his back to us, was Ivor Novello, executing what looked like a Scotch shimmy. Captain Calvert, Gladys Cooper and a villainous-looking Highland shepherd were holding an inquest over a piece of rope. We

Circle: Gladys Cooper and Benson Kleeve. Below: Filming in Scotland.





out your rope to tie him up, then looking up, see the figure on the stained-glass window here, and have an attack of conscience. See? Now we'll rehearse that." "It's really too bad," said Ivor Novello, plaintively. "Here have I been standing nearly fifteen minutes wearing 'Flora's' bustle and no one has even noticed me." Gladys Cooper hastened to collect her property. "Goodness only knows where he found it," she laughed.

"I shall need it this afternoon."

We watched "Flora" help the staggering "Prince Charlie" up the aisle. Midway he fell, exhausted, and she dragged him to the foot of the altar, tearing off her bonnet to make him a pillow.

"Camera," said Calvert. "Saturday night," said Novello gaily, giving a realistic imitation of intoxication for my special benefit. Bernard Bromhead raised his hands in horror. "Now she'll report drunkenness on the part of the leading man," he shuddered. "Why did we let her in?" After the scene was filmed, Calvert forbade Ivor Novello to move from his none too comfortable

*Left: Sidney Seaward, Ivor Novello, and Hugh Miller.*



*Gladys Cooper as Flora Macdonald*

settled ourselves in a side pew, out of the way.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie, severely wounded, is dragged into this little chapel by Flora Macdonald," explained Calvert. "She leaves him, to fetch assistance and meanwhile, you, Kieve, come in and recognise him. You get



*Above: Bernard Bromhead, Gladys Cooper, and Pamela Bromhead.  
Left: Flora disguises Bonnie Prince Charlie as her maid.*

position on the floor until they had taken some "close-ups." Ivor grinned and waggled one foot at us. Then someone brought cups of tea all round. The real studio manager arrived at about quarter to twelve in the person of Miss Pamela Bromhead, aged 17 months, and work ceased on the set for fully three minutes while

(Continued on page 34).



# Pearl in Paris

by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

Paris always welcomes Pearl White with open arms, for the daring Serial Star, is first favourite with our neighbours across the Channel.

If there is anything I particularly dislike it is ringing people up. Especially when they are kinema stars. I am quite agreeable to unhook the receiver of my telephone when it rings, but I draw the line at asking for the wrong number to get the right one, waiting ten minutes for it and being told that the subscriber in question does not reply. However, the exception proves the rule and after listening to a conglomeration of weird noises I was put through to Pearl White.

"Who is it?" enquired the famous American kinema star, rather annoyed at being rung up at one o'clock in the morning. Yes, that was the time, Greenwich.

"The King of Spain," I replied, politely and modestly. "Will you lunch with me tomorrow, or rather, to-day? I shall call for you at the studio at midday . . . Have you noticed, by the bye, that this telephonic conversation rhymes . . ."

She hadn't. But that did not matter as she accepted my invitation. The next morning a fast Voisin brought me to the studio, an hour late. Pearl White

*Pearl and her gymnasium master.*



How  
Pearl  
keeps fit.

serial-star confided to me a few of her plans. "First tell me, please," she commenced, as we lighted some excellent cigarettes, "whose car is this?" "Thank you!" I said, "the shot told."

"I think that this film I'm making now will be the most interesting picture I have ever attempted," ruminated Pearl White, gazing dejectedly at the flying telegraph poles and trees and other cars, the result of a dare-devil chauffeur. "It is called *Terror*, and it is a mystery drama in six episodes but to be shown in a complete film. In other words it is a complete serial, which will be exhibited at one performance. The story is the best ever attempted . . . seven men wrote it . . . but then I am telling you too much . . ."

And as she undoubtedly was it was extremely fortunate that we had arrived at our destination—the Thermal Establishment and Grand Hotel of Enghien-les-Bains, once described as a "Parisian

awaited me, but she was not yet ready. Another ten or twelve minutes, I was told.

At last Pearl White rushed off the "set," and brandishing dangerously a couple of revolvers, calmly informed me that she was ready. "I am sorry," she said, "that I cannot lunch with you; we have to go on 'location' this afternoon; but I hate to disappoint you . . . won't you lunch with me at Enghien."

"Yumph," I said.

"That," remarked Pearl White, "probably means yes!"

"It may mean anything," I muttered darkly. I handed the Serial Queen into the luxurious limousine, the Picturegoer's modern and expensive means of travelling around the French studios, and as we bumped and jolted along the battlefield-like roads to Enghien, the American

serial-star confided to me a few of her plans.

"First tell me, please," she commenced, as we lighted some excellent cigarettes, "whose car is this?"

"Thank you!" I said, "the shot told."

Monte Carlo" by either a joker or a fool. The introductions were astonishingly informal.

"Please meet Mr. What's-his-Name!" I shook hands heartily with Mr. What's-his-name.

"I think you've already met HIM," I had, but I shook hands all the same.

The third introduction had me beat. "Mr. Sheridan, this is Greaummlumph, he is a very great Humphcrumph."

At the lunch table I had a better opportunity to find out who my companions were. Mr. What's-his-Name, I soon discovered, was no other than Edouard José, the American producer, who is directing *Terror*. "Him" was Robert Lee, the well-known American film star.

It is expected that the new Pearl White production, *Terror*, adapted from the scenario by Felix Orman will be completed in about three months. The picture is being produced at the Eclair studios at Epinay-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris. Pearl much prefers working entirely by artificial light and therefore the whole of the studio has been painted black. The company is at present working on 2,200 amperes, which is a record lighting power for any French studio.

For a very long time interesting offers of engagements by leading French film companies were made to Pearl White. At one moment it was agreed that she was to play in a one-reel-thriller with the inimitable Max Linder, but that, also, fell through. However, Pearl White surrendered to Reginald Ford and A. Ullmann, for Fordys Films, a new but ambitious firm, and to-day she is playing for the first Fordys film, *Terror*.

M. Edouard José, is undoubtedly one of the best-known of American directors, having directed a veritable galaxy of "stars" during his stay in California.

Some of the most daring stunts yet attempted on the screen will be enacted for this picture, and Pearl White will be supported by Henri Baudin, Paoli, the French athlete, Marcel Vibert, Arlette Marchal, Mdme. Delacroix (the French Mary Carr) and many others.



Above: Pearl White's jazz jumper. The colours are red, white, and blue.

Left: A beautiful art study of Pearl White meditating death to all serial villains.





## All High and Dizzy



**I**t is a fact that Mildred Davis made Harold Lloyd promise never to make another *Safety Last*, before she would consent to name the day. But all the stunts shown on the screen in *Safety Last* are not quite what they seem. Risky enough, though, for there is not an inch of trick photography anywhere. Then how was it done? Like this.

In Los Angeles there is a business district, and very close to this area several hills rise very abruptly from the street. From the top of any of these you can get a fine bird's eye view of the whole district. One of them, which interrupts a main road that leads to



Four  
thrilling  
moments in  
"Safety Last."

Hollywood has hotels and office buildings on each side and is a particularly happy hunting ground for movie makers. For the street goes under the hill by way of a tunnel. Therefore, on a little elevation immediately above this tunnel, a set can be built which, when photographed from the hill, with the camera looking towards the level, gives the illusion of great height from the ground. The false building on the plateau appears to be part of one of the skyscrapers in the street, and anyone standing on a window ledge there, looks as if he were disporting himself on the fifty or sixty-storey instead of only a very few feet above the ground. Therein lies the secret of the comparative safety of *Safety Last*. Lloyd chose for his location a building not far off a corner, which when photographed appeared to stand slightly detached from the other buildings in the

street. Accordingly, the storey upon which his most hairbreadth feats were performed was erected the other side of the street and about three stories off the ground at most. The angle from which the scenes were shot, lighting, or rather chiaroscuro, and the mind of the spectator did the rest. By chiaroscuro is meant that the colour of the "set" which was darker than the colour of the real buildings, caused it to fall back a trifle in perspective in comparison with them. But the sameness of colour or "lighting" at the points where the camera saw them joined made them merge one into the other when photographed. It is really a marvellous optical illusion. Lloyd actually built fake corners on the tops of real buildings and photographed these so that the protecting roof did not show. If you watch the distances between the clock and the cornice you may be able to spot something. But it's doubtful. Harold used the same kind of illusion for *High and Dizzy*, one of his earlier comedies, and so did Douglas MacLean in *Bell Boy* 13.

# Adam Triumphant



*Jackie Coogan, the one and only Kid.*

Every little doggie has his day and these must be the dog days judging by the size and the volume of fan mail received by the masculine movie stars of the moment.

Emphatically this is the day of the Male in Movies. Past are the times when a fair lady's name is upon every film-fan's lips and her picture upon his dressing table. For since such stars as Pauline Frederick and Nazimova rose and set, no others have appeared who have soared to quite such spectacular and universal heights of popularity. Players like Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, Chaplin and Fairbanks, are not so much stars, as institutions, so they hardly count. Nowadays the He-bird is undoubtedly



*Reading downwards:*  
Ivor Novello,  
Jack Holt,  
Norman Kerry,  
and James  
Kirkwood. *Left:*  
John Gilbert.



*Harold Lloyd.*

precocious child with a host of sweet little ways and pair of velvet eyes. He is a thoroughly finished actor, with a fine sense of style and an instinctive flair for doing the right thing in the right way. Jackie has by sheer force of personality tided over two very weak scenarios. Given a good sound story, he is irresistible. True, he had for his first director, a man who is amongst the greatest in filmdom, Charles Chaplin, and everybody predicted that without Chaplin, Coogan would be negligible. For once everybody was wrong. The influence of Chaplin was distinctly noticeable in *Peck's Bad Boy* and in *My Dad*. But by the time



the big noise in filmland, and seems to have somewhat ungallantly relegated the ladies, for the moment, at any rate,

to the lesser rôles of leading woman, scenario writer, art director, and similar positions, rather outside the beams of the spotlight.

No other star, not even Mary in her heyday, or Wally, the Well-beloved, ever evoked such a wave of absolute adoration as Rudolph Valentino, the Sheik of Sheiks. Rudolph came at a time when the screen was crying out for novelties. He was a new type, with his olive skin and sleek hair; his Continental style of acting, and certain alternations of elemental he-man stuff with an almost boyish appeal, went straight to the heart of susceptible America, and Europe followed suit. Rudy is graceful, can wear clothes that would make an Englishman or American helplessly self-conscious, dances divinely, and is blessed with more than the average share of good looks, plus acting ability and obvious sincerity and love of his work. This has kept him his place, despite three bad films to every one good one, and despite a prolonged and enforced absence from the studios.

Then there is Jackie Coogan. Jackie is our favourite screen actor, and we are apt to enthuse about him. The little chap is something more than a



"Itchie"  
Headricks.



Above: John Stuart.

Trouble and Oliver Twist were made Master Jack had found his small self, and he improves steadily. We can safely predict that Jackie will not fade into oblivion when he is about sixteen, but we often feel inclined to add a codicil to Everyfan's Litany, as follows: "Good Lord, please don't let Jackie Coogan grow up!" Britain has produced a very appealing youngster in the person of Peter Dear, whose mass of curly golden hair, charming features and

really clever acting won him featured rôles in his first year before the Kliegs. Peter dances very nicely, and is unusually intelligent, but, alas! he's growing very fast, and his days of short socks, long curls, and satin suits are numbered.

Britain, too, boasts of Ivor Novello, a Welsh boy who won fame at a very early stage as a singer and composer.

Right:  
Gerald Ames  
Below: Percy  
Marmont as  
"Mark Sabre."



Clive  
Brook.

Ivor is a most romantic-looking fellow, with blue-black hair, dark brown eyes and the most perfect profile in the British Isles. He has, also, give the

chap his due, a strong sense of humour, and, since he went to America, has quite lost that somewhat detrimental shyness of his. Ivor is a good-natured, cheerful soul, and his antics on the Studio floor are always worth watching. After convulsing a party of press people

one afternoon during the filming of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, Ivor suddenly turned serious, and drew forth really wonderful music from a harmonium to help Gladys Cooper's tears to flow for a few necessary "close-ups." Jack Holt, another film favourite of the hour, is a reformed screen-rake, and you know (if you are a woman) how fascinating such characters are. Jack made a good thing out of bad deeds, but found eventually that the straight and narrow was the better way after all. He appears as a clergyman this month in *When Satan Sleeps*, as a sort of exhortation to all bad movie men to go and do likewise. In

*Merry-Go-Round*,

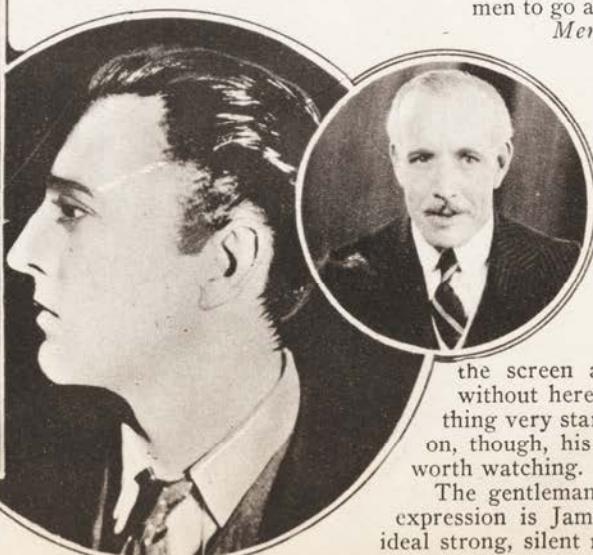
which Eric Stroheim commenced and Rupert Julian completed, Norman Kerry gets his first big chance. Norman is extremely good-looking, and has been on

the screen a full five years, without heretofore doing anything very startling. From now on, though, his career should be worth watching.

The gentleman with the soulful expression is James Kirkwood, the ideal strong, silent man of the movie



Above: Gaston Glass.  
Right: John Barrymore and Lewis Stone



domestic drama. Kirkwood has had a varied and interesting career. He is an Irishman, whose first bid for film fame was as a director. Then he played opposite Mary Pickford in *The Eagle's Mate*, as "The



Conway  
Tearle.



Lon Chaney.

Eagle," a character that could delight all good Ethel M. Dell devourers and

true. J. K. next reverted to directing again, and made all Mary Miles Minter's first features, playing in many of them himself. Then he returned to the stage and retired from the screen for several years. *The Luck of the Irish* brought him back again, and a succession of James Oliver Curwood stories followed. He alternates between stage and screen these days.

Fox Films inform us that their prize offerings in the way of movie men, are Tom Mix, John Gilbert and Buck Jones. Tom Mix deserves his title of the Cowboy King. Originally a U.S. sheriff and Provost Marshal, he drifted into Movies by accident and stayed there by universal desire. One of the best is Tom Mix, straight riding and straight dealing and as fearless as only a screen stuntsman can be. Buck Jones is younger; a nice personality, and a Right: Bryant fairly good actor, *Washburn*. and a very good Left: Milton Sills.

a director, at Goldwyn's and other studios. *Monte Cristo* gave him stardom, and *St. Elmo* is his next big release. John is a serious earnest actor, he doesn't specialise in comedy, leaves that to



Dick  
Barthelmess.

his wife, Leatrice Joy, but has a steady and ever-growing following, both sides of the Atlantic.

Harold Lloyd is too well-known to need description. He made good long ago in Pathé two-reelers, made history with

Left: Ramon Novarro.

Below:  
Rudolph Valentino.



*Grandma's Boy*, and can be counted amongst the "steadies" in making consistently good and original comedies.

To Walter West goes the credit of introducing Clive Brook to picturegoers. Clive was just back from the war, a sterling actor, who soon graduated from sporting drama into powerful and thought-provoking character studies such as those he gave us in *Sonia*, *This Freedom*, *Reverse of the Medal*, and *Woman to Woman*. Please, Clive will you give us your idea of *The Dop Doctor*, some time?

Gerry Ames is a "London-er" both by birth and by profession. He was one of the best of the old London Film Co.'s stars and is alike excellent as either hero or villain. His "Rupert of Hentzau" is evergreen in the hearts of British picturegoers, uneclipsed by even the spectacular Ramon Novarro's. A fine fencer and rider, Ames is also a versatile stage

rider and stuntsman. John Gilbert has only just recently been starred. He has made *St. Elmo* at the moment, a refilming of the favourite novel. He, too, was originally



actor and puts in some time behind the footlights every year.

*If Winter Comes* was the

whether it be in frivolous trifles like *The Man on the Box*, or sinister studies like his "Hyde," in the *Jekyll and Hyde* photoplay. He is making *Debureau* at the moment. Whether he ever will make a Byron film, or a screen version of Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," we do not know. We'd rather like to. Rex Ingram says that Lewis Stone is amongst the only four people on the American screen who can wear period dress as it ought to be worn. Rex is a pretty good judge so we'll say he's right. Lewis has other

claims to fame. He is a polished easy actor, his good looks are most decidedly not of the pretty-



Above: Eric Von Stroheim. Right: Forrest Stanley. Left: Victor MacLaglen. Below: Bert Lytell in "Rupert of Hentzau."

claims to fame. He is a polished easy actor, his good looks are most decidedly not of the pretty-



Theodore Kosloff.



Tom Meighan.



Stewart Rome.



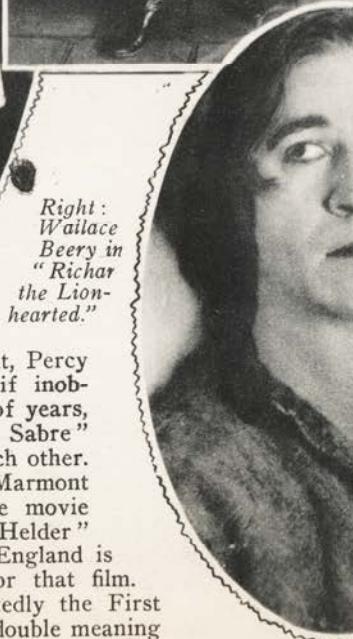
Right: Wallace Beery in "Richard the Lion-hearted."

apotheosis of Percy Marmont, Percy had been doing very fine, if inobtrusive work for a number of years, but he and "Puzzlehead Sabre" were absolutely made for each other. After the Hutchinson hero, Marmont landed another plum in the movie world—the role of "Dick Helder" in *The Light that Failed*. England is waiting very impatiently for that film. John Barrymore is undoubtedly the First Gentleman of Filmland (no double meaning intended here). He is a delight to watch,

pretty variety, and he is a right down regular fellow. Space forbids detailed mention of the rest of the stars whose photos appear here. Likewise of Chaplin, Matheson Lang, Owen Nares, Lionel Barrymore, Matt Moore, Sessue Hayakawa, Monte Blue, Harrison Ford, Guy Newall and many others. But sufficient has been set forth to prove that Adam is well on the top these days and has, as usual, proved that when he puts his mind to anything, he does it well enough to give Eve points. Still, the screen is a great see-saw and probably half-a-dozen years will find scribes and others lamenting the dearth of really good screen stars male, and pronouncing the movies a "Woman's Game!"

whether it be in frivolous trifles like *The Man on the Box*, or sinister studies like his "Hyde," in the *Jekyll and Hyde* photoplay. He is making *Debureau* at the moment. Whether he ever will make a Byron film, or a screen version of Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," we do not know. We'd rather like to. Rex Ingram says that Lewis Stone is amongst the only four people on the American screen who can wear period dress as it ought to be worn. Rex is a pretty good judge so we'll say he's right. Lewis has other

claims to fame. He is a polished easy actor, his good looks are most decidedly not of the pretty-



# The Rape of The Locks

Alexander Pope would have found material for half-a-dozen poems in this human-interest story.

If you were a beautiful young woman—  
If your wealth of curly blonde hair  
was the envy of every feminine  
eye—

If you were not in financial need—  
And if you were called upon to name a  
price to have your hair cut off—  
How much would you demand?

Anna Q. Nilsson, famed motion picture actress, asked \$9,500.



And that price was paid to the fair Anna by Sam E. Rork, producer of *Ponjola*, a picture now in the making.

But it wasn't mere money that influenced Miss Nilsson to part with her crowning glory. The \$9,500 alone would be entirely inadequate compensation for such a loss. It was the knowledge that she was making a greater sacrifice to her art than had any other feminine star of the silver sheet that nerved the blonde beauty to the ordeal of submitting to the barber's merciless shears. Moreover, it wasn't simply a matter of having the hair bobbed, though at first it was thought that such a trimming would suffice. But Anna's hair is thick and heavy, and producer and director decided that a wig would never do in this picturisation



*Anna Nilsson with and without her Q-ueue*  
of Cynthia Stockley's famous story of South African life in which Miss Nilsson enacts the role of a young woman who masquerades as a man.

And so the hair was cut off close to her scalp, just like a boy's, that she might convincingly play the part. The incident created a sensation in Hollywood film circles. Anna was extremely nervous. Especially as battalions of pressmen and many cameras attended the ceremony. Also a few celluloid celebrities, anxious to see if Anna intended to carry out her threat.

"It was a terrible ordeal," said Miss Nilsson, when the shearing was all over, "and I hope I shall never be called upon to go through it again."



# FOUR P. M.

Baby Peggy Montgomery,  
the youngest child-star.



*Left: Peggy takes a lesson in aesthetic dancing from Louise Lorraine. Above: P. M.—Peggy Montgomery. Below: Peggy teaching Will Hayes a thing or two about Movies.*



*Above: As a vamp in "Peg o' the Movies." Left: A reel "Carmen."*



*This four-year-old star wields a wicked powder-puff.*

hair, and you will have Miss Montgomery, four years old and a star in her own right—or, if you prefer it, Baby Peggy!

"I'm Wudolf Valentino to-day—see?", remarked the tiny star as she skipped behind a screen and emerged a moment later in a dashing toreador costume, complete with gay sash, ribbons and cockaded hat, brandishing a lath sword in her chubby hand. She struck an heroic attitude and scowled at her doll which sat propped up in a corner of the dressing room.

"I want," she added rather tragically, "to be like Wadys Walton, on'y I can't 'cos my hair isn't wurly."

Peggy talks like a grown-up most of the time, but an insidious "w" has a way of creeping in at the beginning of her words, although you must never insult her by noticing it.

When she is on her good behaviour, and particularly when she is being interviewed, Peggy's manners are those of a society lady, but in "off" hours she is just a sweet, jolly little girl, with an amazing gift of mimicry, and a lively sense of the ridiculous. You can see that by the bad little twinkle in her left eye.

Sometime, sometimes—I only dare to tell you this in a whisper—Peggy has to be spanked and sent to bed like any naughty four-year-old who has never seen the Klieg lights, and is certainly not the possessor of a contract for £250,000 and a company of her own. But mostly, when Peggy is not actually working on the set at Universal Studios, she will be found hidden away in some corner of the building playing with her toys, all by her little self, quite happy and complacent, and surrounded by the many animals who have been co-starred with her in

Miss Montgomery received me with dignity, and waved me to a chair. She had just come from a classical dancing lesson, and was draped in about six inches of tulle . . . What? . . . Oh, yes! Quite *comme il faut*, I assure you. There are scarcely six inches of Miss Montgomery to drape, and those six, nothing but dimples and creamy skin. You don't know her? Oh, but you do! Think of the smallest, pertest, brightest thing on the screen, with sparkly black eyes and bobbed black



*Sartorial splendour evolved for Baby pets. "I just wove them all,"*

lisps Peggy in her curiously intense little voice, "and I think they wove me too." She looked down at Brownie, the famous Century dog, who was nuzzling his head against her hand. Brownie seemed to be in no doubt about the loving. But then Brownie is a privileged being where Baby Peggy is concerned. You see, he is Peggy's screen godfather; it was he who first discovered her eighteen months ago, when he was a famous comedy star, and she was a plump, almond-eyed baby, romping among the hills of Yellowstone Park.

One day a child was needed on the Century Comedy lot, to "support" Brownie in a two-reel film, and Peggy, who was on a visit to the studio with her parents, was chosen on sight as a more than possible winner.

The director put her through a rapid screen test, found her cute and interesting, and began to congratulate himself on the discovery of a prodigy.

To-day Baby Peggy is the youngest and the most highly-paid star in the world. She has made half-a-dozen two-reel comedies which have already found their way into the picture houses—*Peg o' the Movies*, *Sweetie*, *The Kid Reporter*, *Taking Orders*, *Carmen Junior*, and *Tips*. She has also ready a series of short films based on the old fairy tales, in which she appears as "Jack," in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, as "Red Riding Hood," and as the heroine in *Hansel and Gretel*.

"Acting's quite easy, you know," cooed Peggy. "You don't do anything, you just be peoples. My daddy just says cry, and of course I cry. It's quite easy to cry . . . wis is my daddy," she added, as the dressing room door opened and Mr. Montgomery came in.

Mr. Montgomery is a Baby Peggy fan, but he wouldn't for worlds have Baby Peggy know it. He is Peggy's business manager as well as her teacher, and has bought her a lovely house out of her own salary in Los Angeles, which is to be Peggy's nest egg when she grows up.

Meanwhile Peggy had picked up a tiny rope

*Reading downwards: Four studies of Peggy and her inseparable companion, "Brownie," the Century dog.*



Century comedies—the dogs, the birds, the baby chimpanzee and various other



and proceeded to "wasso" her Daddy from across the dressing room. "Bill Hart" she cooed proudly. Then the blow fell, the blow that is the only bitter spot in Baby Peggy's young life.



*In "Peg o' the Movies."*

She was unceremoniously picked up and laid on her back across her daddy's knee, while he proceeded to make her face up, in the manner that one would paint a Dutch doll.

"Just as if I wasn't a weal star," she wailed. "Warwara La Marr isn't put on any daddy's knee to be made up." I rose to go.

"Do you want to be an actress when you grow up?" I asked finally. The wails ceased.

"No," said Baby Peggy, emphatically. "I want to be a lady!"

I am still wondering what she meant!

E. R. T.





Mildred Evelyn in "Mary, Queen of Scots."

#### Helen of Stolls.

Since her fine work in *Rob Roy*, Gladys Jennings has come very much to the fore. She went back to Stolls again for *Young Lochinvar* and *Becket*, and is now at work upon another film in the same studios. Gladys is much fairer than she looks on the screen, but her golden hair has a reddish tint, and this makes it photograph many shades darker than it is. "After playing two Scottish Helens," said Gladys, "it was a relief to portray the sweet and gentle 'Lady Rosamund,' and of course working with Benson was delightful. I've always admired him. Sometimes we used to stray on to the other set where *The Royal Oak* was being made and amuse ourselves by stepping out of our century."

#### Our American Invaders.

Betty Compson hoped to be back in time for the première of *Woman to Woman* when she bade me farewell last September. She means to do some more film work in England. To console us for her absence, however, we had Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, and lovely Marie Doro, who is playing "Sally Bishop," the part rumour assigned to fit Pauline Frederick, then Nazimova. Thurston Hall is still with us, and is playing at Ideal Studios in *The Great Wall*. Thurston was busy at his favourite pastime, killing, when I saw him at Stolls in *The Royal Oak*. He afterwards made vicious swipes at Betty Compson with a rapier. Candidly I never met such a blood-thirsty man,

# British Studio Gossip



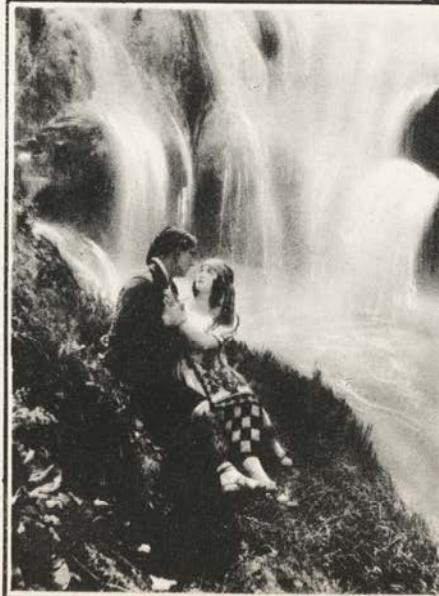
Gladys Jennings.

screenically. Sans make-up, however, Thurston Hall is mild as milk and a very likeable fellow.

#### Clift For California.

It looks as though America will see Denison Clift's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, first. Clift sailed for home early last month, and he will stay for some time in California producing for Fox Films. His first will be *Loyalties*, from Gals-

*Adelqui Millar and Lilian Hall-Davis in a charming scene from "Pagliacci."*



worthy's play. During his thirty-six months in England, Clift produced eleven pictures, the most successful of which were *Sonia*, *A Bill of Divorcement* and *Out to Win*. His journey will not be direct, but will be via Paris, Vienna, Athens, Egypt, Palestine, India, China and Japan, Honolulu and 'Frisco. Denison Clift told us recently that he is a staunch believer in the future of British pictures and will surely return to work again this side. Everybody will join us in wishing him all sorts of good luck.

#### Flora's Farewell.

Flora Le Breton, who sailed on the "Mauretania," on the twentieth of last month wishes you all *Au Revoir*, and will be pleased to hear how you like *I Will Repay*, and *Tons of Money* when you see them. Write her c/o this journal. Flora is bound for Hollywood via New York, where she is at present domiciled under the chaperonage of Madame Clara Novello and Lady Doughty. "I feel," Flora told me a few days before she sailed "that dearly as I love to work in my own country, I have come to a sort of deadlock there. I want to do big things. Very big things; and America has been tempting me for a long time. So I am going to make my working address California for awhile. But when I do come home. Ah!" And she let me into the secret of a really charming project of hers, of which more later.

Betty Compson and Clive Brook in "The Royal Oak."



Picturegoers will join us in wishing Flora "Bon voyage et bonne chance."

#### Rale Irish.

Another re-filming of *The Colleen Bawn* is taking place. British this time, for W. P. Kellino is making it for Stolls with Peggy Worth, a pretty American star, in the title role. With her are Stewart Rome as "Myles," and Henry Victor as the wicked "Hardress Creegan." The company have finished the exteriors, which were made in Ireland.

#### Wonderful London.

I had a preview of some unusually interesting short films last week. Titled as above, the series of twenty are the work of H. B. Parkinson, and depict phases of well-known and little-known London life. Fleet Street, the fire brigade, the river, London's free shows, theatreland, dockland, the markets, the bridges, etc., etc., are all cleverly and entertainingly snap-shotted. One of the best is *Unknown London*, which shows the foot rule in Trafalgar Square, the pair of "desirable residences" in the Arch at the top of Constitution Hill, the little known Holborn Square, where the night watchman still follows his calling, and various other similar localities. Look out for these two-reelers early in the coming year.

#### The Fair Maid of Perth.

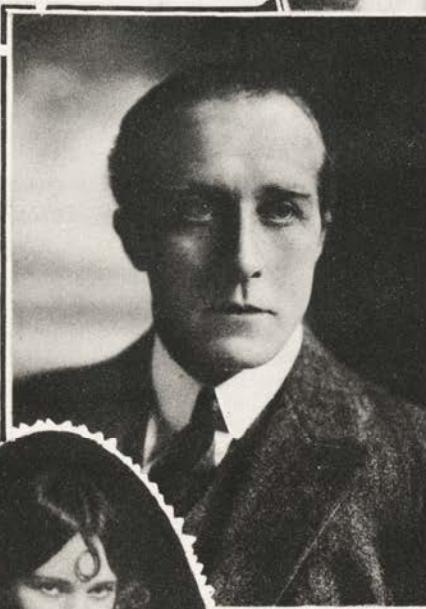
This favourite Scott novel is being kinematized by Edwin Greenwood with a fine cast of players headed by Sylvia Caine. You will remember Sylvia as the good fairy of *The Soul's Awakening*, which starred Flora Le Breton and David Hawthorne. Other players are Wallace Bosco, Kate Gurney, Donald Macardle, Leal Douglas, Benson Kleve, and Lionelle Howard.

#### Picking Winners.

Adrian Brunel feels very proud of his powers of perspicacity these days. Two clever girls he picked out of a crowd for parts in his own productions have recently achieved stardom, and all three are very pleased about it. "Annette Benson, Brunel averred "was chosen by George Pearson to play "Squibs'" sister in two *Squibs* screenplays, after she had appeared in one good role for me. And Nina Vanna, whom I starred opposite Ivor Novello in *The Man Without Desire*, has since been playing leads in several Stoll productions. Both these girls have just been engaged by Commonwealth Films of America to appear in a new screenplay with Clive Brook. They will work this side." To which I will add the fact that Brunel had Ivor Novello under contract when Griffith "discovered" him. Ivor is at present starring in *The Rat*, his original story, with Constance Collier and Gladys Cooper.

#### An All-Star Cast.

Owen Nares has just finished work on *Miriam Rozella*, which boasts of one of the most wonderful casts of the year. This comprises Ellaline Terriss, Moyna Macgill, Gertrude McCoy, Mary Brough, Ben Webster, Russell Thorndike, Gordon Craig, Henrietta Watson and Marie Vinten. It is being made at Alliance Studios.



*Langhorne Burton who makes a manly hero in the stage play at Drury Lane.*

*Oval : Julie Suds, who specialises in classical and "pep" dancing. We're for the last-named, whatever it may mean!*



*Below : Chrissie White and Henry Edwards in "Boden's Boy."*

#### More Romance.

Gaumont's *Claude Duval* promises to be a fine romantic drama. Production was scheduled to start last August, but owing to the fact that neither of the principals was disengaged, it had to be postponed. Nigel Barrie and Fay Compton play the leads, with Hugh Miller and A. B. Imeson attending to the "dirty work."

#### Concerning the Newalls.

For a man who had just finished writing a first novel, Guy Newall was looking very fit when I had a chat with him yesterday. Judging by the prowess of "Sammy," Ivy Duke's big Samoyede, in the gentle art of making love I should say that either Guy Newall has an apt pupil there, or that like most males, the way to Sam's heart is via an organ not mentioned in polite society, and it was the cake, not me, he was adoring so unblushingly.



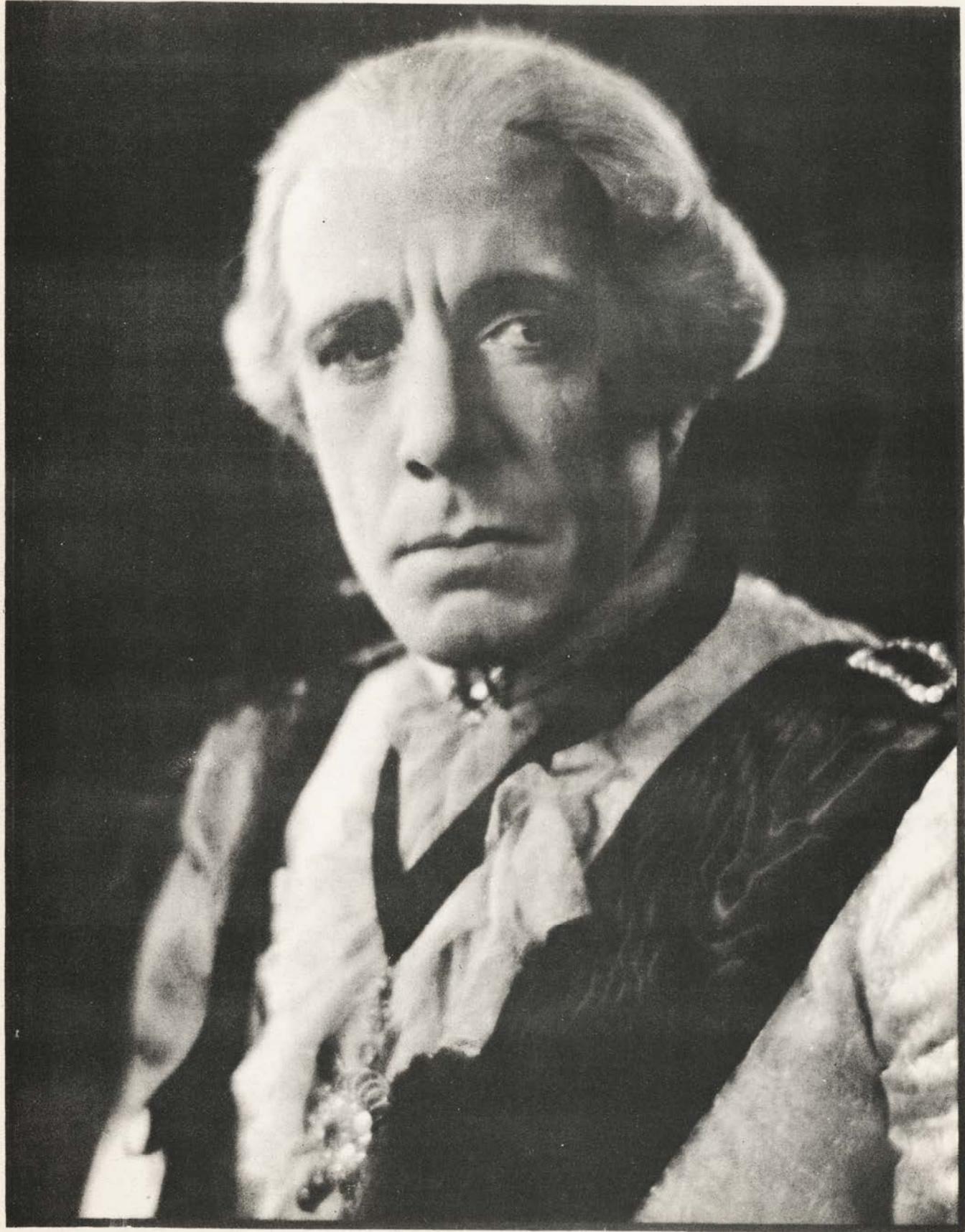
*Alma Taylor, Eileen Dennes, and Shayle Gardner in "Comin' Thro the Rye."*

**PETER DEAR**

An exceptionally clever and charming British child player, whose biggest successes have been in "The Wandering Jew," and "The Grass Orphan." You will see him next year in "The Royal Oak."

**ESTELLE TAYLOR**

*Who played "The woman who did not care," in "A Fool There Was," and has gone merrily onward from bad to worse on the screen ever since. Her home wrecking career seems to agree with her.*

**LEWIS STONE**

*Is "an actor's actor," and very much admired by fellow members of his own profession. Born at Worcester in 1879, he has been a soldier, cowpuncher, sailor, big game hunter, and actor.*

**CONSTANCE TALMADGE**

Now making her initial costume picture "The Dangerous Maid." Constance's charm lies in her vivacity and wit; she is also a prize ballroom dancer, plays a fine game of golf, and swims like a fish.



### HOPE HAMPTON

*Has improved greatly histrionically this year. Optically nothing of the kind was necessary. Hope's latest film is "Lawful Larceny." When she has finished seeing Europe, she will be starred in "Irene."*

# The Screen Fashion Plate



Above: Mary Philbin's mole-skin wrap. Centre: A magnificent kolinsky coat worn by Margaret Livingstone.



Above: May McAvoy wearing a cape of eastern mink. Note the large collar, and diagonal stripes.



Above: An evening wrap of beige ermine, appertaining unto Mae Busch. Its sleeves are formed by flaring panels, which can also be worn draped round the figure.



Above: Beige caracul, with cuffs and collar of beige fox fur forms this wrap worn by Mae Busch. Centre: Claire Windsor's ermine shawl-cape, edged with white Spanish fringe.



# A Little Hero of the Movies

"Freckles," Barry celebrated his seventeenth birthday just recently.

Above and below: Wesley Barry in "Heroes of the Street." Circle: An International Three-leaf-clover, Aaron Mitchell, Wes Barry, and Walter Chung.



The small boy who asked his father how many legs a caterpillar had certainly started something! But if he'd enquired how many freckles Wesley Barry has, there'd probably have been a funeral! It is certainly a clear case of his face being his fortune, for Marshall Neilan couldn't resist a sight of those freckles when he saw them one day in Los Angeles. The result was that he straightway took Wes under his wing, and by dint of careful coaching made him into the popular young star he has become.

It seems only yesterday that he was playing the part of the freckle-faced kid in *Daddy Longlegs*, but even then it was obvious that better things than minor roles were only a little way ahead for Wesley. And they were—*Penrod, Dinty, Bob Hampton of Placer* and *Go Get It* quickly established his right to stardom.

Being a star before he was thirteen, and having already earned enough money to live on comfortably for the rest of his life, if he wished, has not spoilt this typical American boy. He is still the same thoroughly human bundle of energy and mischief that he was when, as a schoolboy, he had a healthy dislike for clean white collars and cuffs, and infinitely preferred mixing with good clean dirt to keeping his nose inside his schoolbooks! In fact (let us whisper it!) he is still a regular

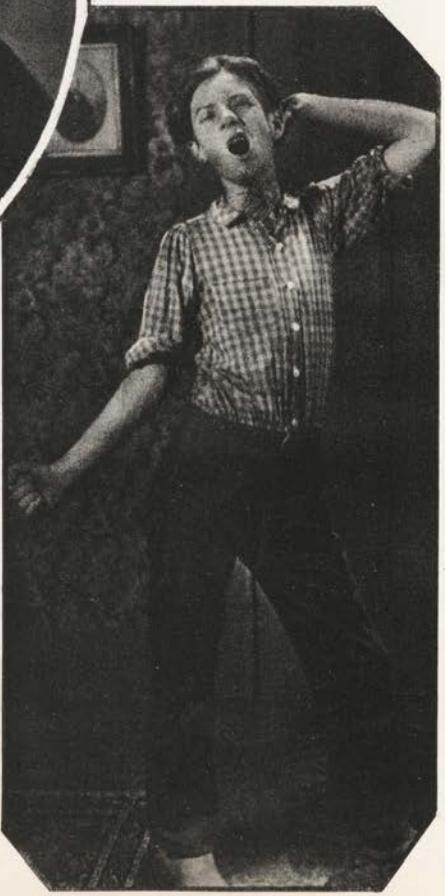
"boy" outside the studio, and positively hates school and Saturday-night baths in the way every right-minded boy should.

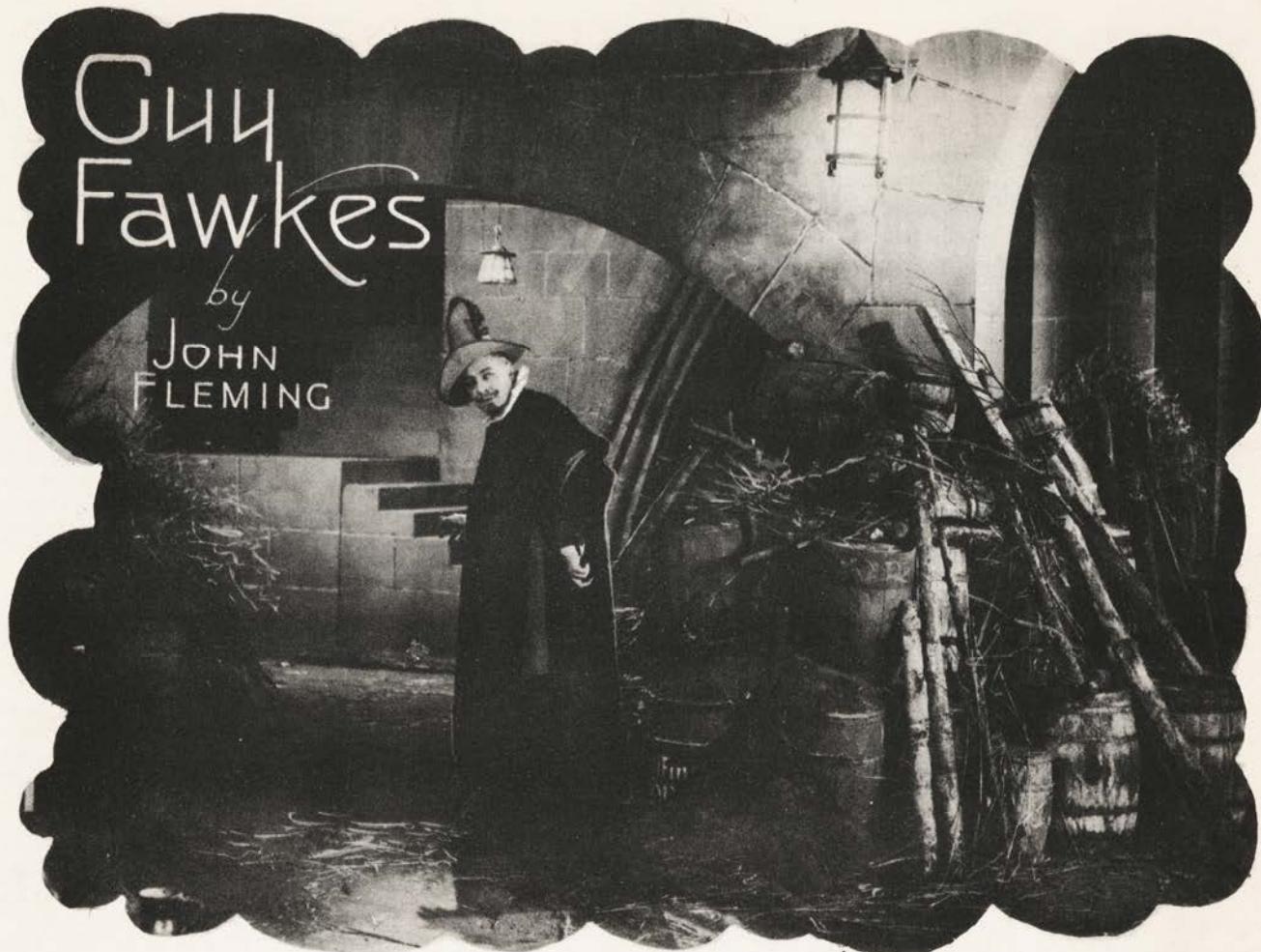
Even a boy star can't earn big money without a good deal of real hard work, and although Wesley's days are full of interest, he is kept at it, for Marshall Neilan is determined that his discovery shall do him credit. Wherefore he gets up at seven in the morning, and, unless the studio claims him, spends the time in being taught all the tricks of the regular movie star—riding bucking ponies, branding, rope-throwing, boxing, swimming and fancy diving. Exciting? Yes—but distinctly work when it is done in earnest and every day! In the afternoons he goes riding with his tutor, and in the evenings he reads—just sits and reads. All right, of course, but sometimes a great trial to a healthy human boy!

Wesley has two real troubles. One is that his freckles are real! He considers they don't go well with caroty red hair and eyelashes and sort of bluish-grey eyes! Those who saw him in *Rags and Riches* and *Heroes of the Street* will agree that it isn't a trouble anyone need worry about!

His other trouble is that in the eyes of a stern law he is still a minor. As this means in America that he is forbidden to appear on a public stage he is considerably worried by the knowledge that thousands of American fans keep demanding to see him. He tried to meet the difficulty by making a personal tour of the picture theatres, but the authorities said this was a breach of the law and arrested him. In fact they arrested him quite a lot of times, till he began to complain that he was a thorough-going jailbird! However, time will settle this trouble for him, for he'll grow out of it! In spite of it all he has just finished a six months' tour of personal appearances throughout the United States, so probably, as in the case of Prohibition, there are ways and means of doing things which Uncle Sam says you mustn't! Now he is back at work (Wesley says nothing would ever tempt him to venture out of Hollywood again!) making *The Printer's Devil* in which he has a five-man job all rolled into one.

"Freckles" Barry will positively appear as the chief engineer, janitor, reporter, assistant editor and printer's devil of the Briggsville Gazette! Some job!





*Remember! Remember!  
The Fifth of November!  
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot!*

ALL the little boys but one were chanting it; all the little boys but one were dancing round the guy or lighting crackers at the great bonfire. Red lights and green lights turned the houses around the big square into mysterious palaces. There was the jolliest, most wonderful cracking and fizzing and spluttering everywhere. One little boy alone was aloof. At a window high in the tallest house, far above the square, he gazed at the scene with wide-open eyes of longing, and when his father came into the room he asked: "Who was Guy Fawkes, Daddy?" "A naughty man who tried to blow up the King!" was the reply. "Why?" "Because the King was a Protestant and Guy was a Catholic." "You're a Catholic, Daddy," said the little boy then—"why not blow up King George?" "Because nowadays," replied his father, "everyone is allowed to worship in his own way." And what an avalanche of "Why, why, whys" did that call forth! At last the father sat down by the little boy's side and told him the story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot.

In a low tavern in a small coast town of Holland, a gentleman of fortune sat

making merry. He was a tall, handsome figure of a man, with pointed beard and black moustache; unscrupulous, maybe, easy of occupation, but likeable withal. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he raised his glass aloft and toasted any passing stranger who happened to get in the

at you. White pussies mean black luck. Is the future to be uneasy? What comes, I wonder?"

What came immediately seemed to offer little cause for alarm. It was but a woman, lowly and hopeless of countenance, who appeared to be seeking long after her last hope of finding had gone. She came noiselessly across the tavern to the handsome stranger's side and took a seat at the table.

"You are an Englishman?" she asked in a whisper.

"I am an Englishman," he replied.

"I married an Englishman!" she said then, with the trace of a snarl.

"It has been done," said the other carelessly. "But I, madame, am not your Englishman. Why do you come to me?"

The woman laid upon the table a miniature portrait and a marriage certificate, made out in parchment in the cramped handwriting of some country priest.

"I know no other Englishman to appeal to," she said. "This man is my husband. He married me and deserted me. See, here is the priest's certificate. I would have news of him. I would know where he is. How can you help me?"

"Heaven knows!" said the Englishman carelessly. "But I can try. Leave these things with me. I may be to England very shortly. If I trace

#### CHARACTERS:

Guy Fawkes	- -	MATHESON LANG
James I.	- -	JERROLD ROBERTSHAW
Salisbury	- - -	LIONEL DARAGON
Catesby	- - -	HUGH BUCKLER
Father Garnett	- -	EDWARD O'NEILL
Tresham	- - -	PINO CONTI
Radcliffe	- - -	ROBERT ENGLISH
Humphrey	- -	SHAYLE GARDNER
Mounteagle	- -	DALLAS CAIRNS
Heydcocke	- -	WILLIAM PARRY
Viviana	- - -	NINA VANNA

*Narrated by permission from the Stoll Film  
of the same title.*

way of his glance. He laughed at the landlord and laughed at the serving maids and even he laughed at a little white cat that rubbed against his legs and seemed to find in him its only friend.

"Though, to be sure," he said, "I find small reason why I should laugh

"Danger," Fawkes laughed, "does not frighten a soldier of fortune."



this worthy fellow for you I will get news to you quickly enough. I have accomplished harder things in my time."

The woman thanked him, talked with him a little longer, gave him instructions and told him how he might communicate with her on the conclusion of his task and then made her way into the shadows of the night. For some moments he sat gazing raptly at the certificate and the miniature; then, with a shrug, he tucked them away and relighted his pipe. When he looked up he found somewhat to his surprise that he was not alone. Two men stood before him, with secret urgency in their manner.

"Guy Fawkes?" asked the elder.

"My name," the Englishman assented.

"Mine is Radcliffe, and that of my friend, Tresham."

"Excellent," commented Fawkes. "Though, to be sure, I like not the way friend Tresham biteth his nails. But sit! The flagon is still half filled. Make merry whilst you talk."

When the glasses had made their round and the pipes were filled and well puffing, Radcliffe leaned forward and said:

"We come to you because your reputation for fearlessness has reached us over the seas. It is said that you will dare anything. We bring you news of a great risk to be taken and we offer this risk to you—with, of course, satisfactory remuneration.

Listen. Salisbury has persuaded the King to pass a new law against the Catholics, and James, like the weak fool he is, has consented. From now, all who give shelter in England to a Catholic priest must pay the penalty of death! The members of our party have met in secret to consider the position, and as James and his Parliament have decreed death against us we have decreed death against James and his Parliament. We are almost resolved upon the plot. We are already resolved upon the man.

Will you undertake whatever our party may ask of you?"

"We cannot over-rate the danger," added Tresham.

Fawkes laughed.

"Danger," he said, "does not frighten a soldier of fortune. He lives beneath the hand of Fate. Well, I will undertake your task. Why not? Nothing else offers. Life is dull here, with the wars over."

"Then," said Radcliffe, "come to Ordsall Hall one week from to-day?"

Fawkes nodded and the conspirators shook hands and parted.

The moon was shining on Radcliffe's home, Ordsall Hall, the stronghold of the Catholics, when Guy Fawkes came to it a week later. It was shining, too—and smiling, for it seemed to understand—on two lovers, a Protestant man and a Catholic maid. The girl, Viviana, was the daughter of Radcliffe; the man was an exile who had risked his very life to come thus and say farewell to his sweetheart. Guy Fawkes, coming into the garden on his way to the Hall, saw them in their embrace, and heard the girl declare that rather than marry another man she would take the veil. Guy understood perhaps better than the moon; he understood the danger that threatened, and he hurried the lover away and escorted the girl to her home.

The conspirators were already assembled on Fawkes' arrival. There was Radcliffe and Tresham, Catesby the fortune hunter and a dozen others, with Father Garnett, a Catholic priest whom Radcliffe was sheltering. No words were wasted in formal greetings. The plot had been hatched in Catesby's fertile brain, and Catesby it was who now explained it.

"Beneath the Houses of Parliament is a vault," he said. "I have taken a lease of it and in it we shall store gunpowder. The King and his Parliament will assemble on the evening of the fifth of November. We will set fire to the gunpowder and blow it up. Fawkes is the man who will do this and Fawkes will take up his abode in the vault twenty-four hours before the appointed time."

The others looked round in the direction of the soldier of fortune, who merely smiled grimly and nodded his head.

The details of the scheme were gone into and made watertight; then

one by one the conspirators slipped away as furtively as they had come, leaving Guy alone with his host and his daughter. The hour was late. When Fawkes was shown to his room he stood a moment at the window gazing on the glory of the moon-lit scene below. Then he slipped from his belt the miniature that had been handed to him by the distressed woman in the Dutch tavern, and a sly smile spread over his features as he looked at it. It was a portrait of Catesby!

The days sped by and waiting was dull. Exciting only to one were the events of those times—to the oldest of them all, to Radcliffe, the father of Viviana. The strain of the plotting and waiting proved in the end too much for him and on a day, but a little while before the appointed time for the culmination of the plot he suddenly died, and Viviana was left now without father and lover; almost, it seemed, without friend.

"My father dead and my lover in exile!" she sobbed when the old man was laid to rest in the churchyard. "'Tis better now that I enter the convent . . ."

Only Catesby and Father Garnett were with her at this moment.

"Your beauty is for warmer embraces than that of the church," said Catesby, suddenly, taking her in his arms. But the girl indignantly repulsed him.

"Dare to molest me again," she cried, "and I will acquaint his Majesty with all I know!"

She left them, and when they were alone, the priest turned warningly to Catesby.

"She holds our lives in her hands," he said.

"Then," said Catesby, "marry her to me! The law decrees that a wife cannot testify against her husband!"

He made enquiries and learned that Viviana was intent on carrying out her decision to enter the convent and that she was to go there by coach. Approaching the postilion a moment or two before the departure, he whispered, handing gold to the man: "When you pass my manor your horse will cast a shoe . . ."

And so, as it had been arranged, the horse cast a shoe quite near to the manor of Catesby, and Father Garnett, who was accompanying the girl gave it as his opinion that there was nothing to be done but to put up for the night at the home of friend Catesby. He took her hand and led her to the house.

But they had not been five minutes within its walls before the significance of all these sudden happenings was very plain to Viviana.

"Here shall your honeymoon be spent," said Catesby with a smile; and when in terror she looked for explanations to Father Garnett, the priest nodded.

"You must marry this man to safeguard the Cause."

She protested. She even sprang to the door and attempted an escape. But

Catesby thrust her back, pressed her against the wall and thrust a ring upon her finger while the priest mumbled phrases from the marriage service that seared her soul like hot iron. Struggling free at last she fell back panting against the door and cried that the priest must know that this could be no marriage—this brutal farce.

"Then," laughed Catesby, "you shall be my wife without a wedding."

With a shriek of terror she sped across a room, through a door and by dark ways to a room above. Just in time she stumbled within and closed the door and turned the key . . .

Below, Father Garnett sighed and shook his head and looked appealingly to heaven and seemed to be quickly reaching the decision that his act had been a mistaken one. He was wishing, now that it was over, that what had been done could be undone. Nearly he was hoping for a miracle . . .

He went out and down the long road to Ordsall Hall. And no sooner were his feet upon the way than he met with Guy Fawkes, urgently speeding to the Hall with important news for the conspirators. Quickly to him, as relief for his agitated soul, Father Garnett told all.

"And—and he is now married to her!" he faltered. "I married them myself . . ."

"Ha!" cried Fawkes. "But be not too sure. The fellow is already married, and here in my belt is proof of it. Come!"

They sped back to the Manor House. The door was locked but this afforded Fawkes no agitation. The old place was covered with ivy. He gripped the thick branches and began to climb.

Viviana, meanwhile, was on her knees behind the locked door of the upper room, praying that she might be delivered from the hands of Catesby. But even before her lips were still from the prayer, a sliding panel slid back and Catesby was beside her. Laughing at the terrified girl he seized her in a rough clutch, and she had already drawn a slim dagger and was preparing to defend herself when the casement flung back and Fawkes was in the room.

"Ha! ha!" cried Guy, leaping forward with flashing sword. Viviana with a glad cry ran towards him.

"I demand to be told the reason of this intrusion," said Catesby. And for answer Guy held forth the marriage certificate and the miniature that had come with him all the way from Holland.

"A reminder from—your wife!" he said.

"Ah!"

Catesby clutched savagely, and the next moment miniature and certificate were upon the blazing logs, and Catesby before them sword in hand.

"Get them if you can!" he cried.

"And I can!" Guy laughed in retort.

Savage thrust met savage thrust. The room echoed with the clash of steel upon steel. Slowly but surely Catesby was pressed back, and when at last he was at the other's mercy, Viviana ran forward and rescued the scarcely-charred certificate from the flames. Then Guy lowered his sword.

"I have no wish to kill you," he laughed. "You are too valuable to the cause. Go!"

And Catesby slunk from the chamber.

When Father Garnett was at length admitted Guy Fawkes turned to the girl and said:

"Give me the right to protect you by marrying me."

And Viviana being willing, for the second time that day the old priest read the marriage service to her.

**O**n the eve of the day upon which it was planned to blow up the King and his Ministers the conspirators gathered in the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. There was much wine in celebration, and even a little hushed merriment.

"To our last supper!" said Catesby, lifting a tankard and jesting heavily.

"And may we hope that no Judas is here," said Guy.

Biting his nails nervously and looking askance at Fawkes the while, Tresham rose and seemed to move in the direction of the stairs.

"Where would you go?" Guy asked, looking up.

"This vault is like a tomb and unnerves me," Tresham replied. "I must have air."

When he was gone Fawkes turned to Catesby.

"Do you trust him?" he asked. "I like not a man that bites his nails."

The incident passed, however, and no more was thought about the matter until some five minutes afterwards, when a low but agitated knocking was heard upon the door of the vault. Guy went to the door and opened it an inch, keeping his sword ready. Outside was Viviana.

"You!"

He admitted her, and she staggered in with her hand to her heart. For some moments she had to rest against the table before she could speak.

"You are betrayed!" she whispered at last.

Consternation showed on every man's face. Swords were drawn in readiness. Viviana proceeded

"Tresham! I have seen him but this moment go to Mounteagle and the Earl of Salisbury and even the King. He has told all. Relatives of his are in the house and he must fear for their safety. As I ran here I heard the marching of the Yeomen. All is lost!"

Even as she spoke the tread of marching feet was heard. Casks were thrust against the door and the conspirators stood in readiness. The Yeomen of the Guard came down the steps and halted before the door. In the name of the King they demanded admittance.

"Never!" growled Catesby.

But Guy, who had been watching Viviana all this time and wondering how she was to be rescued from this plight was visited suddenly by an idea.

"I can get most of you away," he said. "Do as I command and hope for the best. Viviana, throw open the door and step behind me. You others, keep your swords ready."

Viviana flung back the door, and sprang to the protecting cloak of Guy. The fight was short and swift. Outnumbered as they were, the conspirators fought as they had never fought before. Guy saw Catesby die gallantly, but he felt no pang at the death of Tresham who had had the temerity to return. On a calm which came in the fighting Guy put his plan into action. Seizing a lighted torch he held it suddenly above an open barrel and laughed loud.

"Let a man of the guard stir," he cried, "and I blow the whole party to eternity!" Then he turned to the others and particularly to Viviana. "Go!" he said.

They stumbled out between the waiting ranks of Yeomen. Guy heard the patter of their feet ascending the stone steps, he heard them gain the street and fly to safety, then with another loud laugh, watching the while the look of swift



Viviana, the daughter of Radcliffe was left now utterly alone, without father or lover, almost it seemed, without friend.



In another moment the struggle was over. The great Gunpowder Plot had failed.

fright that settled on the guardsmen's faces at his action, he stooped and plunged the torch into the barrel.

"Beer!" he cried, as the light of the torch sizzled out.

With a cry of rage the Yeomen gathered round him and disarmed him. In another moment they were leading him out, and the struggle was over. The great Gunpowder Plot had failed.

Guy Fawkes, gentleman of fortune, they bore to the Tower of London, and in the cell of Little Ease they shut him. Too small was his cell for him to either stand or lie in, but the jest never left his lips and the smile never left his eyes. The jailers marvelled at a man who could sing and laugh with the torture chamber and the hangman surely now before him.

Upon the day following a message was brought from the King. If he would but disclose the details of the Plot and tell the names of his fellow-conspirators he might yet go free. But he would tell nothing; and in the afternoon he was taken to the Torture Chamber and laid upon the rack.

"At least," he said with a smile, glancing back to the doors of the cell of Little Ease—"at least I have now room to stretch my legs!"

The King, Mounteagle and the Earl of Salisbury were above in an alcove, watching the torture. At the sight of his agony the King turned sick.

"Speak, man! Speak!" he pleaded, coming to the side of the rack.

"Would you speak, sire, if you were me?" Guy asked, with a slow smile, though his eyes were glazed with agony.

And then, to the mounting annoyance of the others, the King suddenly stopped the punishment. "You are brave, and I like brave men," he said. "What do you crave as reward for your bravery? What boon?"

The reply came in gasps from the

man who sat on the edge of the rack.

"I crave free pardon for an exile and his wife," he said.

"It shall be done," said the King. "A herald shall bring the papers to you before nightfall." And with this the King took his departure, sick at heart and sorry that Fate should have dealt so hardly with so brave a man.

And so the last evening came, and with it Viviana and the returned exile who was her lover.

"Good-bye . . . wife," said Guy.

Viviana could not speak for the choking sobs that shook her frame.

"I have not been much of a husband to you," said Guy. "There wasn't the time! Now I have another appointment with an unpleasant gentleman and I am afraid I can be your husband no longer. But I have a little gift I would like you to accept, before we say farewell. Young man, arise, and accept—your lady's happiness."

He held out the pardon, newly-arrived from the King, with its bright red ribbon and dangling seal, and in amazement the exile took it and read.

"But—" he cried. "You—you have done this for us. . . !"

"Tut!" said Guy, "It is nothing. I am used to it, it is nothing at all. But I must depart. My carriage awaits and time is pressing. Good-bye."

On the last dawn, the crowd around the scaffold scoffed and jeered, and made their most of this, their holiday, as Guy Fawkes was brought to the hangman. But it was seen that upon his face as he mounted the grim steps was still a last wan smile.

From a near-by wall a cat looked down disinterestedly upon the strange scene, and Guy even managed a last faint laugh as he remarked it's colour.

"A black pussy for luck!" he said. "Perchance I shall go to heaven after all!"

## ALL SCOTCH

(Continued from page 11).

every man jack of us including three hard-boiled female journalists went down on our knees and worshipped that adorable baby.

They were taking close-ups of Ivor with Kleeve bending over him looking villainous. Suddenly a beatific smile appeared on the countenance of the recumbent Prince. "Come, darling, and see the funny man," cooed Gladys Cooper in her most melting tones to the baby. And she went. Wouldn't you have? The contortions Prince Charming—I mean Prince Charlie achieved without moving his head did him credit. But Bernard Bromhead sternly removed his small daughter and work proceeded smoothly till lunchtime. We were a merry lunch-party until Bernard Bromhead told them all the full story of a certain misguided article of mine called *Short and Sweet*. "And as Studio Manager," he concluded, "I feel that . . ."

"Studio Manager?" I interrupted, "we don't all fall on our knees when you come on the set."

"No, it's only for Pamela we do that," agreed Calvert, "and she only visits us about once in six months."

"But perhaps if you side-stepped into the studio," I told Bernard Bromhead (I owed him one), "wearing a frilly white and pink frock well above the knee. And short socks and fat white shoes. And carried a kitten in a basket they'd do the same for you!"

The ball at Holyrood was a charming affair. There was a very large crowd, all in satin frocks and white wigs and gorgeous full-dress Tartans. There were so many different Tartans that I grew confused trying to sort them out. Wherever I went Bernard Bromhead stuck to me like a leech. "Sorry, can't trust you out of my sight," he said.

I supposed that the players were all Scotch, they certainly looked it. "Even a journalist is wrong sometimes," said Bromhead. "Prince Charlie" is Welsh, 'Flora' was born in London. Hugh Miller is Swedish. The extras are Irish."

It seemed a pity not to have a single Scot at the Holyrood Ball. Then I spied a MacLagen amongst the guests, Cyril, I think it was, and turned to pulverise my keeper. But he wasn't there. So I watched the dance and the reception that followed.

"Pity there aren't any real Scots in it," I said to the publicity man as we made tracks for home. He grinned. "Bernard Bromhead gave me this for you," he said, pushing a note into my hand. "Good-night."

Herewith the note—

"In the scene you saw being taken, the players were sixty per cent. Scotch, extras and all. Including four MacLagens, Hugh Miller and Robert Laing. Robert played one of his own Ancestors, 'Macdonald of the Isles.' And we used 1,200 Scots in the Culloden scenes. You can fool a journalist! B. B."

I am still stewing.

*Star of the Month*

# Alla Nazimova

Original to the last, Alla Nazimova, who seems to have deserted filmland of late, releases this month the first screenplay in which she appeared. After getting acquainted with all her thousand moods, picturegoers this side can now see Alla as she was when she toured America in "War Brides" with Dick Barthelmes. The title has been changed to *Motherhood*, and a scene from it heads this page. The other

photos reading downward are Nazimova in *Salome*, (circle), in *Camille*, the man in plus fours is Rudy Valentino; in *The Brat*, with Charles Bryant on her right; and as the fisher-girl heroine in *Out of the Fog*, one of her finest interpretations. Alla the Ageless is sure of a welcome whenever and wherever she deigns to return to the silver sheet.





Above: A side view of the Talmadge - Shenck home, the first Norma and her husband have ever owned. It is built of red brick and tan plaster, and located in Los Angeles.

Right: The staircase. Note the effect of rich warmth given by the many hued stained glass window on the left.



## Film Stars Norma



Above: Norma Talmadge with her pet fern.

Below: The porch or sun-parlor, a feature of the typical Californian home. Its colour scheme is green and blue. Bright cretonnes, grass rugs, and heaps of ferns and flowers keep it cool and inviting.



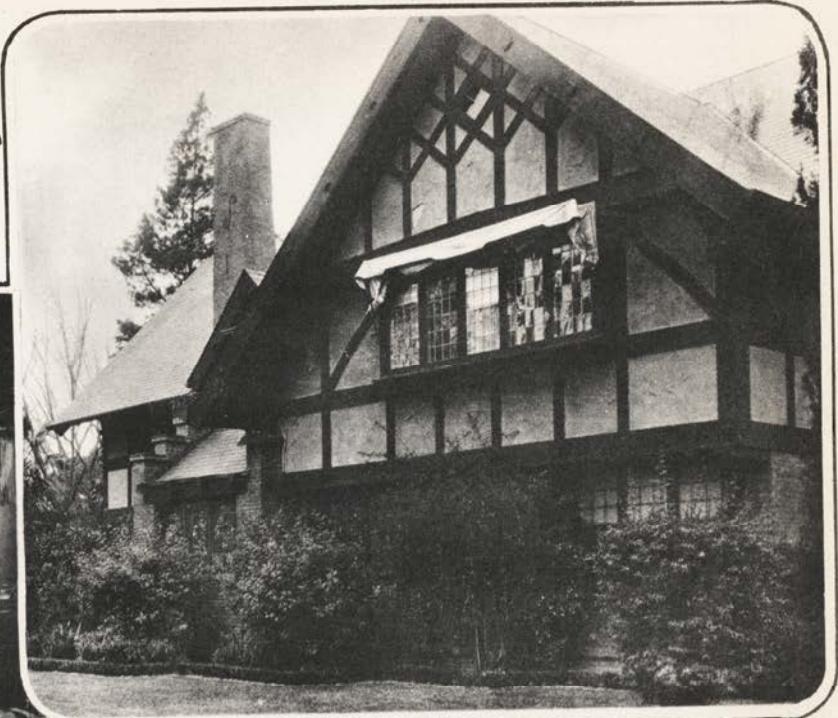
The dark-red dining room has carved teak-wood furniture imported from China with the embroidered curtains and screens. The bronze ornaments, lighting fixtures, and bits of lacquer are also from the Orient.



*at Home*  
**Talmadge**



Norma Talmadge and a book of engravings in a corner of the spacious and well-stocked library.



The front of the house, which has a distinctly old-world appearance. Beautiful gardens surround it, and tiny, trimly-cut hedges, whilst carefully careless arrangements of trees and shrubberies screen it from the public gaze.



Above: The drawing room. Its walls are stone-grey, against which curtains of rich dark blue and ruby red velvet furniture produce an unusual effect. The rare old Persian rug covering the floor is worth a fortune. Left: Norma and some of her correspondence.



# Directors I Have Met

by  
ELIZABETH LONERGAN.  
No. 9.

HERBERT BRENON



Herbert Brenon now directing "The Spanish Dancer."

**H**erbert Brenon holds the record for being the first director of American pictures of leading rank, who came from across the sea. I met him way back in 1913 when he put on *Neptune's Daughter* which starred Annette Kellerman, and was greatly impressed then by his cleverness and sincerity. This picture was the third feature shown in the States on the same status as a big theatrical production. First had come *Cabiria*, that wonder spectacle from Italy, and then Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. Naturally the presentation of the third picture was of utmost importance because it did not deal, as in the case of the two others, with a national theme, but was rather to entertain. It really laid the corner-stone of future big features—now alas!—a bit overdone.

I asked Mr. Brenon to tell me all about himself, his early trials (if he had any) and any other items that might be of interest to his friends in England. How I wish I might tell you about the little bits I saw from his new production at Paramount, but this is strictly taboo. Until the proper time comes, you must possess your souls in patience and content yourselves with the fact that it is a wonderful picture, with a



Brenon discussing a scene in "The Wonderful Thing" with Norma Talmadge.

wonderful cast, directed by a wonderful director—but to continue—

"I was born in Ireland," said Mr. Brenon. "This much you doubtless know, but perhaps you never heard that I led a double life at one time. I was working for a vaudeville agent for the enormous sum of some fifteen or sixteen shillings a week when I chanced to get a job as super in a Broadway production. It was in the great melodrama "Sporting Life," equally popular on both sides of the water. For this I received a couple of shillings a night and had a brief line to say. How to get away for the midweek matinée tested my ingenuity, but I managed it somehow. One Wednesday, after a sudden "death in the family," I was in the middle of my lines when I saw my employer, Joe Vian, in the front row. Well, I never had courage to face him, so gave up my job for good and all. I never saw or heard of him again until the other day he came to Hollywood and paid me a sur-

prise visit. We had a good laugh over those early times." Mr. Brenon's determination to become an actor made him keep at it in spite of starvation wages. Step by step he rose from little bits to long roles and was stage manager for Augustin Daly when this well-known manager was at the height of his glory. Later, Herbert Brenon became stock director in a number of American cities and while in this capacity in New Orleans, met Helen Oberg and married her. He remarked whimsically that he is still married to her.

Brenon's first picture for Carl Laemmle (Universal) was *Leah the Forsaken*; his next was *Neptune's Daughter* with Annette Kellerman. He took a company over to England for *Ivanhoe*, one of the first American pictures made abroad. *The Daughter of the Gods*, and *War Brides* followed, he was then invited to England to produce a Government film. Bad luck pursued this; first the negative was destroyed by fire, then Peace made its showing unnecessary.

At the close of the War, Herbert Brenon returned to the States and directed Norma Talmadge in *The Passion Flower*, *The Sign on the Door*, and several other films. Jesse Lasky then engaged him to direct Pola Negri, and he is still at it. He is distinctly a realist, though he has produced several fantasies. He has many, many friends and admirers, and is the sole Director I Have Met who has a Chinese photographer.

Left to right: Charles A. Stevenson, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Kathlyn Williams, Herbert Brenon (with script), Pola Negri, and Antonio Moreno between scenes of "The Spanish Dancer."



# She's Naldi But She's Nice!

by JOAN DRUMMOND

Naughty Nita Naldi is the prize Bad Girl of the movies. In real life, though, she's very nice, indeed.

**S**he had just returned from New York when I called her up. William de Mille had cabled her to come back to the coast for a featured role in *Everyday Love*, she told me. And added an invitation to dinner the next night. Behold me, then, duly seated at dazzling Nita Naldi's polished table and discussing an excellent meal and the New York theatres at the same time.



Three portrait studies of an aristocratic screen vampire.

"It was my first long visit to New York, since I left the stage," confided Nita, who was dressed all in green, that vivid shade of jade so much in vogue this season, which intensified the glossy blackness of her hair and the almost Oriental slant of her eyes. "He bought me these," she whispered, with a sidelong glance at her husband. "These" being a pair of curiously carved ivory and jade earrings. "We went grubbing down East Side. I was born on the Italian district near Washington Square, you know, and we found these there."

"I found 'Sally' still running," she declared, with her slow Mona



Lisa smile. "But this time there's no 'Dolores, Nita Naldi,' line on the programme. And of course I went to the Century to see the old bunch there. It seems ages since I was part of the Follies Show. I was just a chorus girl when John Robertson picked me for the underworld girl in the *Jekyll and Hyde* film."

"Say, if you're going to talk film, I guess I'll do a fade-out" put in Nita Naldi's husband, who is profoundly uninterested in stage or screen matters.

"Yes, go out and book us a box at the Hollywood theatre, I want to see a movie," commanded Nita, and like a dutiful spouse he obeyed. I heard him



telephoning from the adjoining room, but he did not rejoin us.

"Then you're not Italian?" I commenced.

"Nope," said Nita, whose accents are of Broadway, frank and undisguised. "My parents came from Italy, but I was born at Little Old New York—what a pretty film that was—and I've never seen Italy in my life. My kid sister is there now, though. I miss her some; she lives here with me these days. My folks are still in New York, they're coming out to see me next spring. But I look a real Dago, don't I?"

She rose to her tall slim, svelte height, and turned herself about before my openly admiring eyes. For Nita Naldi is a beauty, make no mistake about it. Her eyes are Chinese in their slant and inscrutability. The oval of the olive-skinned face is contradicted by the high cheek-bones which all but throw it out of focus. There is a suggestion of great strength and fierce intensity about her nose and beautifully curved mouth. Her hair is all-Italian, long and straight and glistening, but her tiny arched feet are French, and the rest of her is modelled in a severely Grecian fashion. She looks anything but American; seems to combine all that is alluring in the women of Andalusia and Tuscany, the Orient and the Occident in one exotic personality. No wonder Hollywood christened her Everywife's Nightmare!



Nita Naldi in her garden.

We talked of her last picture first; the wrong way to commence an interview, I'm afraid, but this was the way it happened. I commented on the fact that she wore so little jewellery off the screen and so much on it, and Nita said

"You must just see the head-dress I wore in *Lawful Larceny*, in the ancient Egyptian sequences. Come in here a minute. I have it here because I'm getting photographed early in the morning."

We went down the hall and upstairs into Nita's bedroom. Most unworthy of a prize vamp that bedroom. It is large, and I should say very sunny, for the three windows are immense.

There are no floor-lamps nor *chaises longues*. The bed isn't gilt, with rose-coloured du Barry fixings, but simple and cretonne-covered. And Nita's dresser contained three photographs of her sister, one box of chocolates, and two fan magazines. If she uses any mystic potions and pastes she doesn't advertise the fact.

She opened a wall safe and produced the head-dress. It had sixty-five scarabs at the sides and fifty-seven in front, perfectly dazzling in their colour, size and beauty. Nita put it on, and stood, a Queen of Sirens, her black eyes glowing beneath their arched brows, her lips curving in an amused little smile.

"The ornaments that went with this cost two thousand five hundred dollars," she told me. "And I had slippers buckled with scarabs to

match. But we all seemed walking jewellers' shops in that movie. I'm sure Hope Hampton jingled worse than I did. And in my opinion the only woman in the show worth looking at was Gilda Gray, and she didn't wear any jewellery at all. That's that."

Nita produced a lip-stick and touched up her cupid's-bow mouth. Quite unnecessarily, I thought.

"My part in *Everyday Love*, I am hoping will be a change from the infernal, I mean eternal, vamp," she said cheerfully, as we returned to the garden. "I've never worked with

William de Mille before, and I'm rather glad of the opportunity. Though, honestly I'm not a very good actress yet."

*She has black eyes and hair the colour of a raven's wings.*



A surprising statement from a film star, surely.

"You see, I didn't want to go into movies, particularly, because I never felt the urge to be 'finer and better,'" she continued, placing a perfumed cigarette in a long holder. "I was a Follies girl because I happened to be fairly good looking and could wear clothes, but when I got a tiny part in *Sally*, I couldn't remember my lines. I had about five, and I usually forgot at least two of them. I was in another show called 'The Bonehead,' after that, but I got fired because I used to play craps with the scene-shifters and forgot my cues. They (the scene-shifters), were people who lived in my street, and of course I liked to go and gossip with them during the waits."

"It was when I was at the Century Roof Garden show that movies reached out a hand from Long Island, grabbed little Nita and yanked her out of the Midnight Cabaret into the Paramount Studios before she could say 'Checko.'"

In other words John Robertson wanted an Italian type for the role of the underworld girl in the John Barrymore picture *Jekyll and Hyde*, went to the nearest roof garden to find one, and found Nita Naldi. Her name isn't Naldi, by the way, but Angeleno, and her married name is different from both those. She doesn't believe in telling the world, though. Because she photographed well, and moved well, she went from Paramount to Selznick and played in several films as a feminine "heavy," opposite Eugene O'Brien.

"I paid a return visit to Paramount for *Experience*," resumed Nita, "which was filmed in New York, and then, my name came up before those in command at Paramount's Hollywood Studios as a possible candidate for the role of 'Dona Sol' in *Blood and Sand*, opposite Rudolph Valentino. Several artists had been rejected, you remember, and when I was chosen, I felt kind of mean going out there from another unit and annexing a part

*Nita's long earrings are part and*

*parcel of her personality.*



every screen vamp in Hollywood wanted. But everyone was very nice to me, particularly the star. You've no idea what a delightful man Rudolph Valentino is to work with. I admire him immensely, and think he's one of the finest screen actors I've ever met.

"Sincere, always ready to assist me in the interpretation of my role and equally ready to expect assistance from me in the interpretation of his. But I needed assistance, let me tell you. I don't mind owning, now it's all over and done with, that some of my scenes were acted by numbers. Yes, Fred Niblo taught me the first principles of screen vamping *à la* Sunny Spain. It was 'At the word one, you will give him a sidelong glance. At two, you will smile, etc., etc.' But when the actual 'take' came, Rudolph put so much fervor into his work that it was impossible for me not to catch fire from his enthusiasm and so everything was all right. I think it is this enthusiasm of his that enables Valentino to get across the way he does. His love-making appears so

*She is nearly 6 ft. tall.*

fiery, because he's so dead earnest and intense about everything he does."

"People have told me I look like Valentino. Can you see a resemblance?"

"I certainly can," I assured her.

So will you if you look at both artistes carefully. Both are raven haired and dark eyed. Both have eyes that slant and glint dangerously, at times. Both are olive-skinned and graceful of movement, and Nita looks every whit as much an Italian as Valentino.

"My 'Dona Sol' got a five years' contract for me," confessed Nita. "And I have been playing vamp after vamp until I feel like Theda Bara's half-sister. It is because I am an exotic type, I suppose. When I go into a shop to buy clothes or



Nita Naldi as "Dona Sol" in *Blood and Sand*.

jewellery they at once trot out their most Oriental-looking gowns and barbaric ornaments. Still, I'm resigned to my fate," shrugging a pair of very shapely shoulders. "Though, personally I don't care for bizarre clothes at all. I like severe, very well-cut gowns and suits, and toques rather than hats." We reverted to the subject of La Naldi's first film.

"Of course John Barrymore is the most-admired man on the screen," she said, "and I was just a wee bit thrilled when he told me the first time I met him that I was to play a short love scene, of a kind, with him, and offered to teach me the technique of screen kissing. He helped me with my make-up, and then, in the most business-like manner imaginable, explained exactly what was to be done on the osculatory side at great length. And that's all there was to it. It was not nearly so emotional in the actuality as it looked when photographed."

Nita has made a good many films. Be-



Nita's collection of jewellery is comprehensive and worth a few thousand dollars.

sides those mentioned above, there were the 'Gene O'Brien bunch, *Glimpses of the Moon*, *The Ten Commandments*, *Anna Ascends*,

*Lawful Larceny*, and *You Can't Fool Your Wife*, in each and all of which she has been "The Other Woman." "But I have grown to love my work now," Nita averred. "And I want to play something deeper than a vamp. More on the lines of Pauline Frederick's roles. You know I used to like the stage best. The music—I adore music—the lights, and the applause. No one knows how I missed the applause. Besides, on the stage one always knows where one is after a few weeks of rehearsal. But there"—she waved a long slender hand in the direction of Paramount studios, "you do a little bit here and a little bit there. Never in consecutive order, and one small scene perhaps five times over. And those 'close-ups.' Why do they always take 'close-ups' about five o'clock in the evening when one's make-up is beginning to show signs of wear and tear? Likewise one's nerves."

We passed through Nita's library on our way out. Its shelves are well filled with a varied assortment of



literature. There are volumes and volumes of plays, some pleasant, some not so pleasant. There is Chesterton, and Gorky, Freud and Bennett. "I know what I ought to read, you see," laughed Nita. "And I do not read it." This isn't true. Talk to Nita about books and plays for five minutes and she will give herself away as a keen student of things dramatic and literary. But she doesn't "bluff" at all. She hates it. She is entirely herself and doesn't imitate anybody.

I asked her what was her full name.

"Nita is an abbreviation, isn't it?"

She laughed. "If there's any more to it no one has ever told me," was her reply.

It seems a pity, Juanita, Bonita or some such glowing name would have accorded well with this tropical personality.

Somehow or other our conversation turned upon make-up.

"I have an olive complexion," remarked Nita Naldi, "which doesn't photograph well unless it's made-up all over. So I use cold cream first and then work the grease paint carefully in all over. After that I shower rather heavy powder on the top and smooth it with a tiny brush. That vampish look about my eyes I get by drawing a black line beneath them. Of course I mascara my lashes. Simply hate it. It's such a fiddly job."

"About vamping," I interrupted, "don't you think the eyes are Madame Vamp's strongest allies?"

"No," said Nita, after a few seconds' consideration. "So far as looks only are concerned, I should vote for mouths. I think one's mouth is one's most effective feature. If you're feeling sullen, why, your mouth will show it. If you're extra glad, you just can't keep the smile away. The mouth betrays one's moods, and one's—well, lots of things."

*Her Mona Lisa smile.*



"But looks aren't everything," pursued Nita, who seemed to find the subject of vamping a congenial one. "Nor clothes. I don't think men notice clothes much as a rule. I believe women, vamps in particular

*A snapshot on the beach at Florida.*



Nita is noted for her elegant negligées.

dress entirely for other women. And I think a woman's chief charm is her sense of humour. Plus poise, of course. The woman of poise is always sure of herself. She's never ill at ease, no matter what sort of people she gets amongst. Being always at her ease, she's always at her best.

"Oh, yes, one thing I do believe in. Earrings. I love them and I positively could not vamp successfully without them. That pair I wore in *Glimpses of the Moon* are my favourites. They're hammered gold with topazes. But I have sixty pairs in all. It's a racial characteristic, I think. My mother gave me some wonderful antique pairs that have belonged to my father's family for generations.

"To-morrow," she said, as we entered her car, en route for the Hollywood



Nita Naldi on her way to a Conference in New York.

Theatre, "I must be at the studio for a conference upon *Every-day Love*. Next week I shall be dragging some innocent male down to the lowest depths of screen degradation, I suppose. Then I'm going back to New York again, I hope. To Broadway and the lights and my own home. This is only a house, this one."

The All-American Home Wrecker heaved a resigned little sigh, and flashed a dangerously seductive glance out into the night. A man driving a passing car caught it, and straight-away lost control and dashed into the side-walk. But we enjoyed the movie none the less for that!



## Beatrice Lillie

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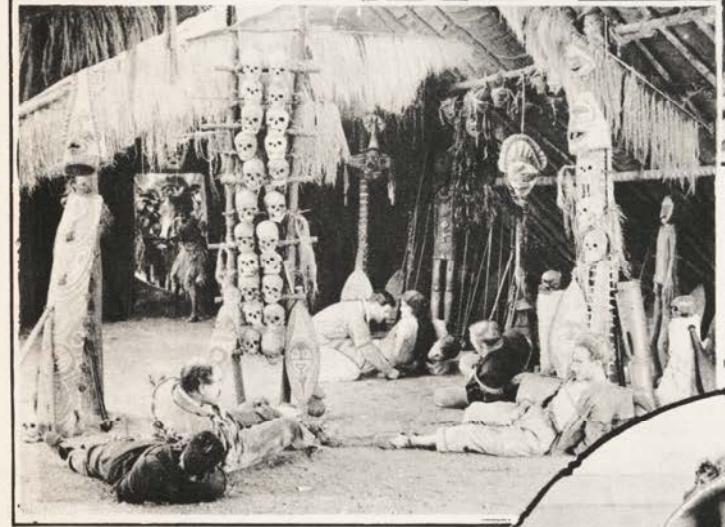
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# A Film of the Sea

A British filming-party's adventures amongst cannibals.



*The House of Skulls—one of the many interesting scenes filmed on a cannibal island.*

Few British films have been produced which contain so many thrills as the new George Clark picture, *Diana of the Islands*, and so grave were the risks which the leading artistes were required to undertake for the production, that the producer, Mr. F. Martin Thornton took the precaution of insuring the lives, not only of himself and his camera men, but of Nigel Barrie, Walter Tennyson, and Phyllis Lytton, who play the leading parts in the film.

The adventures of the company were not thrilling until the first exterior scenes were made. These took the form of a cruise on Senatore Marconi's famous yacht, "Elettra," during which heavy weather was experienced and huge seas swept the deck. Quite a number of the company suffered from sea sickness, but Senatore Marconi, who was on board throughout the trip, endeavoured to entertain the artistes with musical selections broadcast from the Eiffel Tower.

A "mutiny" was staged on board the beautiful yacht, also a murder and love scenes, and Senatore Marconi was exceedingly interested in the quelling of the former. It was suggested by the producer that blank shots should be fired from the revolvers at the "deserting crew" but the famous inventor thought it would be far more realistic to use live cartridges—so long as the shots were fired into the sea.



*Some of the natives appearing in the film.*



On returning from their trip on the "Elettra," the company left for an uninhabited island where the big scenes of the film were set. A duplicate of the "Elettra" had been built and awaited their arrival . . . "Elettra II." was duly wrecked whilst Phyllis Lytton, Nigel Barrie, and Walter Tennyson fought for their lives amongst the wreckage. Then, having reached the island, they were attacked by the mutinous crew, and again attacked by a tribe of savages who captured and tortured them. For several days Phyllis Lytton was unable to continue her film work, owing to the severe cuts she had received at the hands of the over-enthusiastic savages, who dragged her over the rough scrub and sand of the lagoon shore.

After he had recovered from these experiences, Nigel Barrie had to engage himself in a fight with a shark, whilst in the water. Phyllis Lytton, who plays the only feminine role in the film, declares she has never been more terrified than when, as arranged, the howling, shrieking mob of blacks surrounded and attacked them. The scenes were filmed at night, which made the savages look hideous in their war paint and feathers, for those who did not carry spears, swung dangerous clubs over their heads. As they could speak no language other than their own, all protests on Miss Lytton's part were unavailing. They thought she was merely acting, although her fear was very real.

"These blacks," she commented afterwards, "are born actors, and when told through the interpreter to attack, capture and torture us, they did it all only too realistically. A domestic quarrel scene, no matter how serious, is dull after that experience."

# Trilby



Taffy, The Laird, Little Billee and Trilby.

the talk of the Latin Quarter, but the boy's relatives objected to their marriage, and Trilby allowed herself to be persuaded to give Billee up. Svengali then offered her fame and fortune if she would become his wife and she eventually went away secretly with him. What happened later is told in *Trilby, the Ass*. First National film of Du Maurier's well-beloved romance, released this month. If some of its charm and humour has been lost in transition, there is imaginatively beautiful photo-

Trilby, the laundress



*Creighton Hale and Andrée Lafayette.* graphy, intelligent direction, and well-nigh perfect characterisation to atone. Trilby herself is just a man's pipe-dream, she is divinely unreal; yet

Andrée  
Lafayette

as  
Trilby.

"O h, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, sweet Alice with hair so brown, Who—" "Trilby, for Mercy's sake, stop making that noise." So, for Mercy's sake, Trilby stopped. "You know I can't sing," she said, half-laughing, half vexed, "yet you boys always make me try." And the "boys," meaning three British students, domiciled *pro tem*, in the Quartier Latin, Paris, soothed Trilby O'Ferrall of the beautiful feet into good humour again. Then the man at the piano, a weird, untidy figure in his greasy velvet jacket, rose to his full height and fixed the beautiful artists' model with a magnetically baleful stare. "Come here, my little one," he insisted. "Open your mouth once again, and let me look at it." "Don't do anything of the kind, Trilby," urged Little Billee, youngest and cleverest of the trio, and because she loved him, the girl obeyed.

Yet a few days later when one of her bad headaches drove her half-crazy, she was glad enough to let the musician, Svengali, look into her great eyes and make his mysterious passes around her head, charming away the pain with his long, dirty fingers. The romance of Trilby and Little Billee was



Arthur Edmund Carew, Andrée Lafayette, and Francis McDonald.

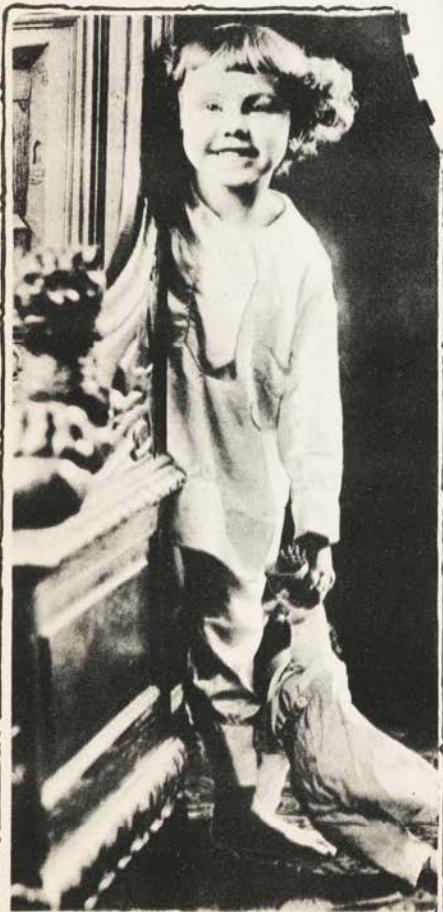
Andrée Lafayette, specially imported from France, is a well-nigh perfect heroine. Arthur Edmund Carew's "Svengali," Creighton Hale's "Little Billee," Patrick McCullagh's "Taffy," Wilfred Lucas' "The Laird," and Francis McDonald's "Gecko" collectively look as though they had stepped straight out of the Du Maurier illustrations, and herein lies the appeal of a movie no lover of romance can afford to miss.



# Two Little Imps

Twelve year old Jane and fourteen year old Katherine Lee are an engaging pair of entertainers.

I felt extremely young and horribly inexperienced as I asked for the Lee Kids at the door of their commodious dressing room at the London Palladium. For I had been in front watching the "Baby Grands" in their New Director sketch. It was about an inexperienced Director in a Movie Studio, upon whom the two irrepressibles turn their full battery of mischief and high spirits. Katherine and Jane frisked through it with such verve and naturalness that it was hard to believe it was only acting



Above: Jane and Katherine as they were in "Two Little Imps," and as they are to-day. Left: Jane in "Trouble-makers."

Towards the finish came the cleverest bit of all. After reducing everyone to helpless laughter with their "ragging" of a death scene, they suddenly switched over to the real thing in acting, and I don't mind owning that Jane's emotional work as she grieved over her "dying" sister gave me a most unpleasant lump in the throat. Wonderful little mummies both, with an amazing command of technique and two very distinct personalities. And these mites have the sang froid of young duchesses and the sophistication of old dowagers. "How are you?" said Katherine, who was chastely clad in green knickerbockers, scarlet shoes, floods of glorious red-gold hair, and very little else.

The Kids were just changing after their act. "How are you?" murmured



Jane, from beneath the folds of a frock with which she was wrestling. Then she, too, stood revealed, in green what-d'ye-call-em's like her sister's, and pattered across the big room to shake hands, before re-assuming the apparel of every-day. "We're so pleased to see you," they chorussed in unison. "Excuse us one moment, please, whilst we finish changing. Thanks. Won't you take that armchair there?" So I took it, and watched Katherine's deft fingers rolling up her mane of lovely hair and securing it in a big bunch on her neck, and smiling at Jane's contortions as she hooked up her sober little navy dress at the back.

A job she always insists on performing for herself. "This," remarked Katherine, pointing to her "bun," which she secured with an elastic band "adds ten years to my age, but quite twenty to my comfort."

"That," volunteered Jane, the round-faced and saucy one, "is our dinner over there." She indicated a large covered tray. "We have only two hours between our three shows, so we eat it here. It's getting fine and cold." She fished out a minute and protesting pup from beneath a sofa.

"Meet 'Nosey,' my dog," she continued, depositing the protesting one in my lap. I begged them to proceed with their meal, and they fell to with a good grace whilst I talked to "Nosey."

"She looks like," said Jane, *sotto voce* between mouthfuls. "Whom does she resemble, Katherine?" There was a pause whilst a pair of blue eyes and a pair of green-grey ones gave me a thorough once-over.

"String beans," said Katherine, in honey-sweet accents, "I love them." "No string beans for me. You can eat my share," said Jane with decision. "Katherine, who *does* she look like?" I felt like a three-year old and hastened to create a diversion. We talked about their act, with which they have toured all America, Canada, and are now doing Europe. "I cried real tears," Jane assured me. "So did I," I told her. Also that I remembered her when she was about four as the high-light in several of Theda Bara's Bara-est. My remarks were received with absolutely regal condescension. "Jane," said Katherine, with her quaint air of wisdom, "was the first

(Continued on page 65).

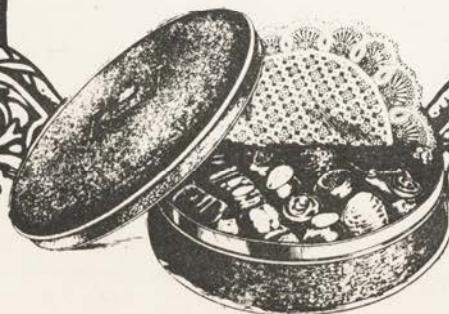


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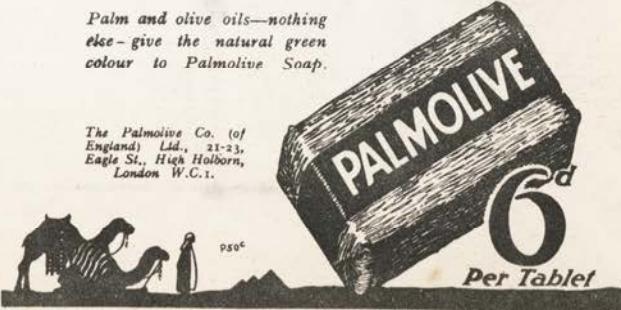
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Mary Pickford as "Rosita," in her new costume-play.

#### THE FILM GLOBE TROTTER.

I've never been to Old Japan,  
With lotus blossoms strewn,  
Or gazed in silent wonderment  
At Cairo 'neath the moon.  
And never felt the icy blast  
Out in the Great North-West,  
Where, on the bitter, frozen trail,  
Man makes his golden quest.  
Broadway has never seen delight  
Rejuvenate my face,  
And dear old Paris never showed  
Me how to "go the pace."  
And yet, I've been abroad a lot,  
In fact to all these places,  
I've learned the customs of the lands  
And studied foreign faces.  
I know the way the people dress,  
Although I haven't been—  
You see, I watch them every week  
Upon the silver screen.

A. F. W. (Tunbridge Wells).

#### WHICH?

I'm thrilled by Rudolph's burning eyes,  
I dote on Mary's curls  
I love Tom Meighan's rugged face—  
And Sennett's bathing girls.  
Priscilla Dean's come-hither look I  
worship it is true,  
Sweet Norma Talmadge claims my  
song, and sister Connie too.  
I really like them all so well I don't  
know which to choose—  
I sometimes think it's Doris May, and  
next its Gareth Hughes.  
At times I have a longing for a pal  
like Milton Sills,  
And next 'tis Peggy Hyland who my  
heart with rapture fills.  
Now George—you're very wise I've  
heard—  
Please tell me, if you can  
What you would do if you were me—  
A perplexed movie fan!

R. S. (Liverpool).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.  
My first is in "Norman" but not in  
"Kerry."  
My second is in "Alice" but not in  
"Terry."  
My third is in "Pearl" and also in  
"White."  
My fourth is in "James" but not in  
"Knight."  
My fifth is in "Justine" but not in  
"Johnson."  
My sixth is in "Gloria" but not in  
"Swanson."  
My seventh is in "Cameron" and also  
in "Carr."  
My eighth is in "Barbara" as well as  
"La Marr."  
My ninth is in "Mary" but not in  
"Odette."  
And my whole is a star of great fame  
you can bet.

ANSWER—Mae Murray.

P. M. L. (Birmingham).

#### BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

One reads of Prince Charming in fairy  
tale books,  
But I know a chap who can beat him  
for looks;  
An actor of note, an engaging young  
fellow,  
He's always my fav'rite, just Ivor  
Novello. CONNIE (London).

#### THE SINCEREST FORM—!

Von Stroheim, you're an actor I  
Admire beyond all others,  
No girlish charmers captivate  
*Me*, as they do my brothers.  
But day by day, before my glass,  
Here is my proud confession—  
I try to imitate you in  
Each sinister expression.  
This humble tribute let me add,  
Folks say—quite on the level—  
That since I've tried to follow you,  
I'm growing like The Devil!!!

FRED (Islington).

#### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

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#### Cause and Effect.

In the film entitled *The Adventures of Japhet*, the villain, a gypsy chief, receives a blow on the back with a heavy headed hammer. Later he is seen rising from the ground holding his head. Why should it affect him there? C. B. (Arbroath).

#### Telepathy, Perhaps.

Mary Odette, in *The Lion's Mouse*, goes in pursuit of some stolen pearls, telling nobody where she is going. Later, when she needs help she sends "Justin O'Reilly," the hero, a letter, asking him to come to her at once. Despite the fact that she has put no address on the note, "O'Reilly" goes straight to her. How did he know where to find her?

I. M. G. (Birmingham).

#### The Old, Old Story, Chapter I.

In *Beyond the Rocks*, "Hector" (Rudolph Valentino), rescues "Theo" (Gloria Swanson), from the sea, her boat overturns. He brings her to the shore, and both are dripping wet, "Hector's" hair being streaked all over his eyes. But a moment later, when he turns to speak to "Theo" his clothes are dry and he is looking as spruce as ever, with his hair neatly brushed back. V. P. (W. Ealing).

#### The Old, Old Story, Chapter II.

In *The Prodigal Son* "Oscar" writes a letter to "Thora" and "Magnus" unwillingly takes it to her. On reaching her cottage he seems very doubtful whether to deliver it or not. Finally he screws it up and puts it in his pocket. But when he enters the cottage he changes his mind and gives it to "Thora." It is then seen to be perfectly clean and smooth again.

M. K. (Folkestone).

#### What's in a Date?

Lon Chaney, the crook estate agent in the film *Quincey Adams Sawyer*, receives an invitation to tea for that afternoon. The invitation is dated June 3rd, but a calendar just behind him distinctly shows it to be the 28th.

V. B. P. (Harrow).

#### Yes, We Have No Idea!

At the very beginning of the film *Pink Gods*, James Kirkwood is in his underground palace, when a girl is shown into the room. She stands her parasol against the table and they talk together. Later she runs away from him, not stopping to pick up her parasol; but when she reaches the door she has it in her hand. Did it run after her?

C. P. (Acton).

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# A Day with Gloria Swanson

By BEATRICE LA PLANTE

I have been called upon to do many things, but writing has never been one of them. So imagine my surprise when I was asked to write an article about Gloria Swanson, with whom I have been constantly associated for the past five years as personal companion.

People who know nothing about motion pictures are of the general belief that the business is "all play," that those fortunate enough to be

which Miss Swanson does. About nine we leave the house for the studio, a twenty-minute ride away.

Once at the studio, she must have her hair dressed, a duty that falls to the lot of the famous Hattie, who is the only one who touches Miss Swanson's hair. Then come the dress fittings. She stands to model her new dresses so that Ethel Chaffin, chief costume designer at the studio, can make the many beautiful gowns worn by Gloria.

Perhaps in the midst of gown fitting comes a voice at Miss Swanson's dressing room door: "We're ready on the set."

Once on the set she must be prepared for work. Whether she feels like light comedy or heavy dramatic work, she must do whatever the continuity demands. At an instant's notice she must be able to display the thought and action demanded by the director.

Between scenes there are a great number of things that may require her attention. In my opinion, patience, tolerance, and a marvellous sense of humour are the only possible means of saving many ridiculous situations. Here are a few of the things she has to face:

An errand boy will bring in a message stating that a young lady wishes to see Miss Swanson or has an important note which she must deliver personally to Gloria.

Another interrup-



Gloria at the porch of her lovely Hollywood home.

tion: "When you have a few minutes off, Miss Swanson," it is the photographer talking, "will you please come to the gallery for some new fan pictures."

"Oh, Gloria, we're having a little dinner at my home to-morrow night; won't you come?" eagerly asks an intimate girl friend.

"May I let you know later?" smiles the star. "I may have to work to-morrow night."

The afternoon is a repetition of the morning events. Then, at five o'clock, the day ends—that is, it ends on the set. Miss Swanson has another hour removing her make-up and the clothes she wears for the picture.

Many times, upon her return to her home, she finds interviewers awaiting her, people who could not get through the somewhat impassable gates of the studio. It is an art in itself to dismiss these people diplomatically and retain them as friends and admirers.

Telephone calls, household duties and many preparations for the morrow occupy much of her time at home.

Bedtime is the one time Gloria must be pampered. "I'm not sleepy," she commences plaintively. "Let's talk a little while."

And so, for half an hour, we talk, until I ask a question. I receive no answer. Thinking she did not understand, I repeat it. Still no answer. Then I realise—Miss Swanson is asleep. It is the end of a day.



Circle :  
Gloria  
Swanson.  
Right : Her  
evening meal.

in it receive a tremendous salary for turning their toiling shop into a playground. If such folks read this article through (and I sincerely hope they will), they will be convinced that a star's life is not a bed of roses.

Miss Swanson's day begins at seven o'clock in the morning, when her maid awakens her by bringing her breakfast to her room. This meal usually consists of one cup of hot water, fruit of one kind or another, toast and tea.

She also makes up at home, a habit she started only recently because it is more comfortable and convenient. This is a task in itself, if one takes the pains to have a smooth and correct make-up,



**I**t is rumoured that Jackie Coogan may visit London in the near future. His next scheduled production is *A Boy of Flanders*, adapted from Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders," which is a story laid in Europe, and the director wants to film it on the spot. Jackie is rejoicing at the prospect of wearing tatters again; he wasn't a bit happy in the royal robes he wore for *Long Live the King*. "The Prince and the Pauper" would be an ideal story for Jackie; he may yet make this Mark Twain classic.

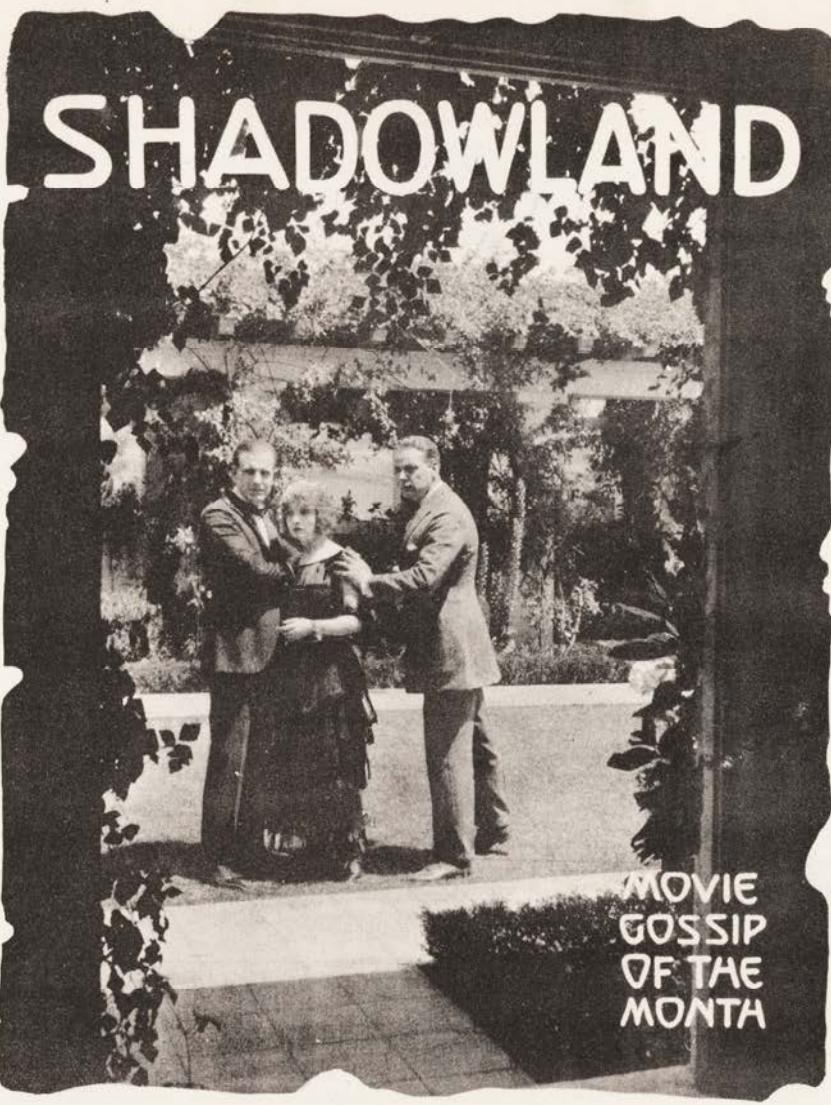
**M**ildred Harris and Elliott Dexter are co-starring in a new film now being made at Hollywood. Its title is *The Way Men Love*.

**P**ercy Marmont is going to Metro's to star in one film, *The Man Whom Life Passed By*. Percy is specialising in portraying life's unfortunates these days. Jane and Eva Novak have featured roles in the same film, Jane having been borrowed from Chester Bennett for the occasion.

**E**lmo Lincoln is appearing in Mae Murray's new feature *Fashion Row*. It is a typical Mae Murray movie, with Robert Leonard at the megaphone end, as usual.

**P**aul J. Rainey of *African Hunt* pictures fame died on September 18th, at the early age of forty-six. Rainey organised and headed countless expeditions to the Dark Continent and was a sportsman, explorer and hunter of world-wide renown. He was on his way to Africa when he died at sea, his death being predicted by a native some months before, who, when bidding Rainey farewell remarked that he would never see Africa again.

**I**t is good news that Micky Neilan will direct Mary Pickford's next picture. This is *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, an excellent romantic story, but hardly, in our opinion, the ideal vehicle for petite Mary Pickford, the heroine being a buxom, red-haired lass, fond of wearing boy's clothes and exceedingly self-willed and impulsive.



### MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

choice of a story. For this has fallen upon *Revelation*, which was one of Nazimova's first Metro stories. Also, George Baker, who directed the Russian star is also to direct Viola Dana, but the film will most probably be retitled.

**R**amon Novarro is working for Fred Niblo, whilst Rex Ingram is absent in Europe. Barbara La Marr plays opposite him and the story is titled *Thy Name is Woman*.

**E**rnst Lubitsch is halfway through directing a Viennese story for Metro. It is called *The Marriage Circle*, and the chief parts are filled by Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou and Harry Myers.

**S**yria Ashton who has "mothered" so many famous stars in Paramount films has retired from studio life to start a tea room in Manhattan. Syria used to keep a boarding house at Los Angeles in her spare time for she just loves feeding people. Gloria Swanson is much interested in Miss Ashton's little restaurant and suggested its name, "The Golden Rod."

**E**ille Norwood makes a handsome and impressive "Sherlock Holmes," in the play "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at the Princes Theatre, London. It is not taken from any special Conan Doyle story, but embodies the salient features of most of them. Eille has a splendid voice, and his clear diction, not to speak of his effective disguises and sometimes caustic repartees, is a feature of the production. Hilda Moore, who plays the villainess is also a well-known movie artist; her "Paula Tanqueray" on the screen is one of her best-known roles.

**J**ust at present there is a good deal of confusion in Hollywood because of the two Carews at First National Studios. Arthur Edmund Carewe, the "Svengali" in *Trilby*, is making *Dust of Desire* with Norma Talmadge for Ass. First National, and Edwin Carew is one of their directors. He is at work on *The Bad Man*. The two are

**L**ila Lee and James Kirkwood are going to play together in pictures from now on. Lila's contract with Paramount has expired, and the pair will play for Ince in *The Painted Woman*. James Kirkwood was to have starred in *Wild Oranges* for Goldwyn but met with a bad accident the second day he was on location. Frank Mayo was hurriedly substituted because it was thought that Kirkwood would be on his back for many weeks. Wallace Beery and Matt Moore will support the Kirkwoods in *The Painted Woman*.

**A**llen Holubar has just signed up Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor for his first Metro production, *The Human Mill*. It is a story of Tennessee and the exteriors are to be made on the spot.

**M**r. and Mrs. John McCormick (Colleen Moore) had a very brief honeymoon in Grand Canyon. They were married during the filming of *The Swamp Angel* of which Colleen is the star.

**V**iola Dana has gone back to her old love, heavy drama, and everybody is agog with interest in her



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no relation to one another. The actor, Arthur Edmund Carewe was born at Trebisond, Armenia, and educated in Constantinople; he speaks English, though with a decided accent. Edwin Carew is an American, and has directed a good many feature films. Having the same studio address has caused many complications, and both are getting a bit fed up.

Many melodramas are scheduled for production this winter. Fox's have acquired "Hoodman Blind," by Sir Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, which will be produced with Frank Campeau, an old-time movie villain, as the star. Goldwyn's announce a forthcoming film version of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," with Claire Windsor as the heroine.

We spent a most interesting afternoon with Rex Ingram and his charming wife the day before they sailed for Ireland. They brought *Scaramouche* with them, and are hoping to produce *The World's Illusion* partly this side. Alice Terry is twice as pretty with her chestnut hair and bright colouring as she looks in celluloid; a long interview with the Ingrams will appear in the Xmas issue.

We certainly must hand it to Cecil De Mille again for a winning title. His next movie is to be *Triumph*, and will be commenced as soon as De Mille has reorganised his producing-unit. Several changes are being made in his personal staff.

Who says we in England do not take the screen seriously? Certainly nobody who attended the Inaugural Dinner of the Faculty of Arts. This body has a Kinema Art Group, the members of which are pledged to seek by every means in their power the increase of the power and influence of

the film as an Art Medium. The immediate objects of the Group are, amongst other things, to create a status for producers, artists, scenarists and camera men. To promote a closer association with other Arts. To bring leaders in Kinema Art and the General Public closer together, to arrange regular Meetings, Lectures, Readings, and Papers, Demonstrations and Discussions and to arrange the productions of films of artistic standards.

Membership is open to the general public, and the subscription is £1 1s. per year. It affords the fan unique opportunities of coming to close quarters with the heads of the Kinema this side. The list of stars and producers present at the Inaugural Dinner would fill a column, and most of the film critics and a few dramatic ones were there also. George Pearson made a wonderful speech upon The Kinema and Art which is dealt with on another page, and Henderson Bland, Frank A. Tilley, Fred Wright and Henry Vibart all spoke at some length upon various matters all leading up to the same thing, viz.—How to Make British Films Famous and welcome everywhere. One of their projects is to film English History right from the beginning in a series of six or seven reelers. But the ideal historical films are the Gazettes, Pathé's Gaumonts, etc., and these will form the research libraries of the producers of 1990 or thereabouts.

A future Norma Talmadge production is to be *Romeo and Juliet*, with Joseph Schildkraut opposite and Conway Tearle also in the cast. This will be the eighth picturisation of the famous love tragedy. And Mary and Doug have it paged for production early in 1924.

Will Rogers is making a two-reel travesty of *The Covered Wagon*, under Rob Wagner's direction.

Truly Shattuck, the English music hall star, now in charge of the Schulberg Studio restaurant with Netta Westcott, also an Englishwoman starring in "Maytime."



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D. W. Griffith has been invited to make an American patriotic film by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a well-known public institution. This is the first time in history that a film has been made by request in this fashion. Its title will be *America*, which was the one for which six Universities, six day schools, six clubs and six sporting clubs voted.

May McAvoy has signed a contract with Inspiration Pictures, and will play opposite Dick Barthelmes in a screen version of Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage" play. John Robertson will direct. Robertson directed *Sentimental Tommy* in which May McAvoy's "Grizel" was an outstanding success. Now there is some hope of a delightful artist getting roles to suit her at last, May has been persistently miscast for the past eighteen months.

Dinky Dean's first star picture, *A Prince of a King* is all ready for release. Dinky is the appealing youngster who played with Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*.

Eric Von Stroheim took his company to Death Valley for some exteriors in *Greed* (McTeague), and had an adventure that wasn't in the schedule. He is a keen sportsman, and noting some wild duck on the wing, and being also cognisant of the fact that his party were very short of food, he ordered a few to be shot, assisting himself. The provisions the commissariat had provided had gone bad owing to the intense desert heat. Von Stroheim was promptly arrested by the local game warden, but after he had explained why he shot duck out of season, was released on bail.

Mabel Forrest's first star film will be *The Satin Girl*, a crook story, with Norman Kerry playing opposite, and Ben Wilson directing.

Madge Kennedy is back under the Kleigs again, filming *Three Miles Out*, an original screen story. Harrison Ford is opposite Madge.

Everybody who knew her is mourning the death of Anna Townsend, who played "Grandma" with Harold Lloyd in *Grandma's Boy*.

Jackie Coogan's adopted sister, Priscilla Dean Moran, is playing in *Daddies* at Warner Bros.' Studios.

Robert Service's novel, *Poisoned Paradise* is being screened and little Clara Bow, who achieved sudden fame in *Down To the Sea in Ships* has the role of the French cabin. Gasnier is producing.

Dorothy Phillips will be the leading artist in Fred Niblo's *Thy Name is Woman*.

Gloria Swanson and Mabel Normand have just joined Phyllis Haver's new West Coast Bathing Club. It's a strictly feminine association, composed of ex-bathing beauties who are now dramatic stars, and Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Marie Prevost, and Mary Thurman were the first to enrol. The girls have their own Clubhouse next door to the Millionaires Beach Clubhouse at Santa Monica, but Phyllis Haver declares that the club's for women only. They've one lady diving and swimming instructor, and are looking for another. "They're a bit hard on the next door neighbours," comments the president of the adjacent club, "But we're going to try and make them change their minds."

Another literary classic is to be screened very soon. This is *Gulliver's Travels*, which King Victor will direct for Goldwyn. This, apart from its satirical side should make a universally popular movie, and it certainly holds possibilities for some novel scene effects.

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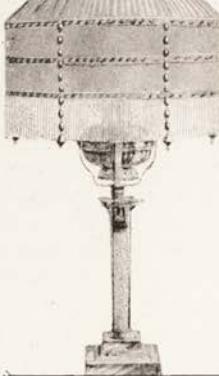
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X "Picturegoer," Nov., 1923. No. 273.



Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps."

### A Friendly Husband (Fox; Nov. 26).

Lupino Lane's first long picture. Slapstick comedy concerning a camping holiday. Good entertainment.

### An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Jury; Nov. 19).

Based on the famous James Whitcomb Riley poem. Good, sentimental romance of a love that knew no ending, beautifully acted by Elliott Dexter, Pat Moore, Mary Jane Irving, Helen Jerome Eddy, Turner Savage, Lloyd Whitlock and Jean Cameron.

### A Rogue In Love (Globe; Nov. 26).

A British screen version of Tom Gallon's novel about a man who reformed for the love of a lady. All star cast includes Ann Trevor, Betty Farquhar, Kate Gurney, Gregory Scott, Fred Rains, Frank Stanmore and Lawford Davidson. Good entertainment.

### Bluebeard Junior (Walkers; Nov. 22).

Mary Anderson in an amusing comedy in which a man acquires three wives in one day. Jack Connolly, George Fernandez, Laura Ansen, and Lila Leslie support the star.

### Borderland (Paramount; Nov. 5).

Domestic drama, strongly flavoured with spiritualism, with Agnes Ayres in a triple role, supported by Milton Sills, Fred Huntley, Bertram Grassby, Casson Ferguson, Ruby Lafayette, Sylvia Ashton, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Dale Fuller, Walter Wills, and "Pal." Good entertainment.

### Butterfly Love (Feature; Nov. 19).

Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, Jack Drumier, Charles Sutton and Richard Neal in a rather weak story of a young fellow's unique inheritance.

### The Broken Spur (U. K.; Nov. 8).

Jack Hoxie in a dual role and a story of the Canadian backwoods. Marin Sais, Jim Welch, Wilbur Mc Gauch, and Harry Rattenbury also appear. Fair entertainment.

### Chaplin Re-issues (F. B. O.; Nov. 5-26).

The Essanay-Chaplin comedies revived. *Charlie's Night Out*, November 5; *Champion Charlie*, November 12; *Charlie In the Park*, November 19; and *Charlie's Elopement*, November 26. Edna Purviance appears in these.

### Catherine the Great (Walturdaw; Nov. 26).

A German spectacular historical production, concerning the loves and court intrigues of the famous Queen. Good acting and direction at times, but somewhat heavy entertainment.

### Cheated Hearts (F. B. O.; Nov. 26).

Herbert Rawlinson, Warner Baxter, and Marjorie Daw, in a well-acted anti-drink story about a girl who loved one man, but promised to marry his brother. Pleasant screen-fare. *Howard Hawks*.

### Cordelia the Magnificent (Jury; Nov. 15).

Money, marriage, blackmail, and an extremely intricate story about a social spy. Clara Kimball Young stars, supported by Huntley Gordon, Carol Holloway, Lloyd Whitlock, Lewis Dayton, Mary Jane Irving and Jacqueline Gadsdon. A good mystery drama.

### Daddy (Ass. First National; Nov. 19).

Jackie Coogan in a sob story concerning an infant prodigy, who loses and then finds his father. In the cast are Arthur Carewe, Josie Sedgewick, Bert Woodruff, Anna Townsend, William Lewis, George Kuwa and "Mildred." Good entertainment.

### Daring Danger (Walkers; Nov. 15).

A Western story old as the proverbial hills, with Pete Morrison performing amazing feats of horsemanship and intrepidity. Excellent detail work, open air settings, and acting by the star, Esther Rawlson, William Ryno, Lewis Melkan, and Robert Fleming.

### The Dictator (Paramount; Nov. 22).

A gentleman who had plenty of bananas, a revolution, and plenty of thrills just fail, somehow, to make a

first-class movie. Wallace Reid stars, supported by Lila Lee, Theodore Kosloff, Kalla Pasha, Alan Hale, Walter Long, Sidney Tracey and Fred Butler. Mildly amusing.

**Environment** (*Pathé*; Nov. 19).

A melodramatic crook story, concerning a cabaret girl, who is splendidly portrayed by Alice Lake. Milton Sills Ben Hewlett, Gertrude Claire, Itchie Headrick, and Ralph Lewis also appear. Irving Cummings directed. Excellent of its kind.

**The First Degree** (*European*; Nov. 26).

Frank Mayo in an excellent character part in a small-town melodrama with a novel twist, and a fight climax Sylvia Breamer opposite, also Philo McCullough, George A. Williams and Harry Carter. Good entertainment.

**Fury** (*Ass. First National*; Nov. 12).

Colourful sea-drama, with good characterisation, Limehouse settings, and acting by Dick Barthelmes, Dorothy Gish, Tyrone Power, Pat Hartigan, Barry MacCollum, Emily Fitzroy, Jessie May Arnold, Patterson Dial, and Lucia Backus Seger.

**Gems of Literature** (*Walturdaw*; Nov. 5-26).

A series of British two-reelers based upon popular literature. *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Lauderdale Maitland and Dacia, November 5; *Curfew Must Not Ring To-night*, starring Joan Morgan, November 12; *Falstaff, the Tavern Knight*, with Roy Byford and Margaret Yarde, November 19; and *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, with Russell Thorndike and Olive Sloan, November 26. Good entertainment.

**The Ghost Patrol** (*European*; Nov. 5).

Ralph Graves and Bessie Love in a sentimental tenement story, written by Sinclair Lewis. George Nichols, George B. Williams, Max Davidson, Wade Boteler and Melbourne Mac Dowell support. Sentimental entertainment.

**The Girl From Porcupine** (*Pearl*; Nov. 5).

A typical James Oliver Curwood romance of the North West, with beautiful natural settings, and a good cast which includes Faire Binney, William (Buster) Collier Jnr., Jack Drumier, James Milady, Adolf Millar, Tom Blake, Marcia Harris, and "Lassic." An average movie.

**The Gutter-snipe** (*F. B. O.*; Nov. 12).

Gladys Walton in a satire upon the romantic magazine stories so much in vogue. Good natured fun, very well played by the star, Kate Price, Jack Perrin, Carmen Phillips, Hugh Saxon, Walter Perry, Sydney Franklin, and Lorraine Weiler.

**The Good-For-Nothing** (*Feature*; Nov. 5).

A humorous domestic story with charming rural settings and popular Carlyle Blackwell, supported by Evelyn Greeley, Kate Lester, Charles Dunan, William Sherwood, Muriel Ostriche, Pinna Nesbit, and Katherine Johnson. Fair entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).



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Faire Binney in  
"The Girl  
from  
Porcupine."

### Guy Fawkes (Stoll; Nov. 5).

Seventeenth-century romance woven around the famous traitor with excellent photography, lighting, and acting by Matheson Lang, Nina Vanna, Edward O'Neil, Jerrold Robertshaw, Shayle Gardner, Lionel D'Aragon, Peter Dear, Robert English, and Wyncham Guise. Topical entertainment; read the story on page 31.

### Her Fatal Millions (Jury; Nov. 9).

Plenty of laughs in this somewhat far-fetched comedy of a jeweller's assistant who masquerades as a man. Viola Dana stars, and Allan Forrest, Huntley Gordon, Edward Connelly, Kate Price, Peggy Brown and Joy Winthrop support.

### Her Mad Bargain (F. B. O.; Nov. 19).

Sentiment and suffering in five reels, with Anita Stewart as sufferer-in-chief. Cast includes Arthur Edmund Carewe, Helen Raymond, Adele Farrington, Percy Challenger, Gertrude Astor, Walter McGrail, Ernest Butterworth, and Will Badger. Improbable, but entertaining.

### Heroes and Husbands (Ass. First National; Nov. 22).

In which a lady novelist successfully handles her own love affairs. Attractively produced and acted by Katherine MacDonald, Nigel Barrie, Charles Clary, Charles Gerrard, Mona Kingsley and Ethel Kay. Light comedy-drama.

### Heroes of the Street (F. B. O.; Nov. 12).

For kids of all ages. It has a dog, fights, policemen and Wes Barry, supported by Jack Mulhall, Marie Prevost, Peaches Jackson, Philo McCullough, Aggie Heron and Will Walling.

### His Brother's Wife (Walturdaw; Nov. 12).

Barbara La Marr and Gaston Glass in a novel triangle drama smoothly produced and well acted by all concerned. Others in the cast are Frankie Lee, John Sainpolis, David Butler, Doris Pawn, Ethel Shannon and Martha Mattox.

### His Mysterious Mission (Vitagraph; Nov. 25).

A healthy tale of adventure, love, and intrigue in South America, starring Earle Williams, supported by Gertrude Astor, George Field, Claire Du Brey, Coy Watson Jnr., James Conway, Louis Dumar and Leonard Trainor. Good entertainment.

### The Hotel Mouse (Jury; Nov. 1).

Adapted from the crook stage-play. The characters are not very prepossessing, but the cast is a good one, and includes Lillian Hall Davis, Josephine Earle, Morgan Wallace, and Campbell Gullan. Fair entertainment.

### The House of Mystery (U. K.; Nov. 1).

Another "Tex" detective story, in which a gang of crooks utilize the craze for spiritualism to aid their nefarious pursuits. Glen White is the star, and John Costello, Ethel Russell, Harold Vosburg, Zaidee Burbank, Cecil Kern, David Wall and Florence St. Leonard also appear. Good entertainment.

### The House of Mystery (Stoll; Nov. 19).

A French production featuring Ivan Mosjoukine, supported by Helene Darly, Charles Vanel, Francine Mussey, Lemone Genevois, Colline Striejecky, and Bortkevitch. Thrill-a-minute drama.

### The Impersonators (Fox; Nov. 12).

Buck Jones in a dashing romantic Western story in which the star's personality and clever horsemanship are the chief attractions. Renée Adorée, Harold Miller, Charles K. French, Philo McCullough and Sidney Dalbrook support. Stereotyped, but good of its class.

### The Knock-Out (Napoleon; Nov. 12).

A British sporting coster yarn, with good humorous scenes, two fights, a horse race and Rex Davis, Lillian Hall-Davis, Josephine Earle, Tom Reynolds, Guy Ballinger, Julian Royce, J. K. Tozer. Good popular fare.

(Continued on page 60).

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Mae Marsh in "Till We Meet Again."

Stars, E. K. Lincoln and Martha Mansfield, supported by Winifred Hudnut (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino), and Joseph Striker. Good dramatic fare.

### Main Street

(F. B. O.; Nov. 26).

An excellent picturisation of Sinclair Lewis's novel of small-town life. Cast comprises Monte Blue, Florence Vider, Robert Gordon, Noah Beery, Alan Hale, Louise Fazenda, Harry Myers, Josephine Crowell, Otis Harlan, Gordon Griffith, Lon Poff, Gilbert Clayton, Estelle Short and Kathleen Perry.

### The Man Next Door

(Vitagraph; Nov. 12).

Alice Calhoun in a simply told, but effective love-romance. James Morrison, David Torrence, Frank Sheidan, John Stepling, Mary Culver, Lillian Lawrence, Adele Farrington and "Pal" in support. Light, but very bright.

### Man Versus Beast

(F. B. O.; Nov. 8). Colonel Louis Shuman's hunting pictures. Big game photographed in its native haunts in Africa. Excellent entertainment of its kind.

### Mixed Faces

(Fox; Nov. 26). William Russell in a very improbable story of two men who exactly resemble one another. The star's dual role and a well-staged motor accident are the chief attractions. Renée Adorée opposite, also De Witt Jennings, Elizabeth Garrison, Charles French, Eileen Manning and Harvey Clarke.

### Motherhood

(Regent; Nov. 9). Anti-war propaganda from a new angle, with Dick Barthelmes and Nazimova in their first screen-roles. Gertude Berkley plays the chief supporting role. Interesting entertainment.

### Only A Shopgirl

(Walturdaw; Nov. 5). Excellent melodrama, as the title suggests, with a fine cast, which includes Mae Busch, William Scott, Estelle Taylor, Claire Du Brey, Josephine Adair, Wallace Beery, James Morrison, and Tully Marshall.

### One Wild Week

(Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 12). Really good, bright entertainment with Bebe Daniels as a hoyden reveling in her first week of freedom from a tyrannical crook-guardian. In the cast are Mayme Kelso, Edyth Chapman, Frank Kingsley, Herbert Standing, and Edwin Stevens.

### Peter the Great

(F. B. O.; Nov. 5). All about a great king, who was also a great sinner and a great man. A

**Ladies Must Live**  
(Paramount; Nov. 5).

George Loane Tucker's last production, containing four stories, subplots galore, and an all-star cast comprising Betty Compson, Mahlon Hamilton, Leatrice Joy, Gibson Gowland, Jack Gilbert, Snitz Edwards, Marcia Manon, Jack McDonald, Lucille Hutton, Arnold Gregg and Lule Warrenton. Fair entertainment.

**The Leopardess** (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 5).

Melodrama with effective South Pacific settings, well staged and acted by Alice Brady, Montagu Love, Charles Kent, George Buanger, Marguerite Forrest and Glorie Eller. For unsophisticated fans only.

**The Little Clown** (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 26).

A charming circus comedy-drama, starring Mary Miles Minter, supported by Jack Mulhall, Winter Hall, Helen Dunbar, Cameron Coffey, Neely Edwards, Lucien Littlefield and Zelma Maja.

**Lost And Found** (Goldwyn; Nov. 5).

Exquisite South Sea island settings and a colourful and vivid melodrama, capably played by Pauline Starke, Tony Moreno, House Peters, Mary Jane Irving, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmann, William V. Mong, Carl Harbaugh and David Wing. Excellent entertainment.

**Love, Intrigue, Passion** (Shadowplays; Nov. 12).

Lucy Doraine in an expensive German production, which it is impossible to take seriously. Some beautiful sets and exteriors, but the plot is of the problem persuasion and is allowed to run absolutely wild.

**Madam X** (Goldwyn; Nov. 12).

A re-issue of the Pauline Frederick drama adapted from the stage play of the same name. Casson Ferguson opposite the star. Pauline Frederick's finest film. Don't miss it.

**The Madonna in Chains** (Kilner; Nov. 5).

High-power romantic melodrama about an artist and two famous dancers.

German-made feature, starring Emil Jannings, Walter Jaassen, Bernhard Goetzke, Alexandra Sorina, Dagny Servaes, and Cordy Millorvitsch. An impressive movie, notable for the excellent character acting of Jannings and Dagny Servaes.

**The Power of a Lie** (*European*; Nov. 19).

An everyday story superbly produced and acted by Maude George, Mabel Julianne Scott, Earl Metcalf, David Torrence, Ruby Lafayette, June Elvidge, Phillips Smalley, Stanton Heck and Winston Miller. This is adapted from Johann Bojer's novel of the same name. Don't miss it.

**Remembrance** (*Goldwyn*; Nov. 26).

Claude Gillingwater in an excellent sob story about an unappreciated father. Patsy Ruth Miller, Cullen Landis and Kate Lester support.

**The Rocket Signal** (*Walkers*; Nov. 19).

Rod La Rocque, Virginia Hammond, Albert Hart, Nora Cecil and Irving Brooks in a crook story with a novel ending. Fair entertainment.

**Safety Last** (*W. & F.*; Nov. 12).

This month's comedy high-spot and Harold Lloyd's best film to date. Excellent stunts, thrills and humour. Mildred Davis, Bill Strother, Noah Young and W. B. Clarke support. We heartily recommend this.

**Saved by Wireless** (*Phillips*; Nov. 5).

A sensational mystery drama of the sea with a big climax and a hero who knocks his enemies down like ninepins. George Larkin and a radio set star, with Jacqueline Logan, Minna Ferry Redman, Harry Northrup, William Gould, Wilson Hummell, Andrew Arbackle, Monte Collens, Gene Mackay, Frank Whitson and Red Rose in support. Not for the critical.

**The Scandal** (*Granger*; Nov. 19).

A British production based upon Henry Bataille's play made in London and Nice. Eternal triangle story rather heavy, but well acted by Hilda Bayley, Madame de la Croix, Henry Victor, Vanni Marcoux, and Edward O'Neil. Good social drama.

**Shirley of the Circus**

(*Fox*; Nov. 19).

Shirley Mason's most spectacular production, quite improbable, but containing much pleasing detail and circus work and a thrill climax. Also Alan Hale, Crawford Kent, George O'Hara, and Maude Wayne. Seasonable fare.

**Soul of the Beast** (*Jury*; Nov. 26).

Another one for kids of all ages. Madge Bellamy and Oscar, the elephant, share stellar honours in this circus

story which has beautiful settings and photography and Cullen Landis, Noah Beery, Vola Vale, Harry Rattenbury, Carrie Clarke Ward, Lincoln Stedman, Bert Sprotte, and Vernon Dent.

**Star Dust** (*Moss Empires*; Nov. 1).

A satisfactory stage story by Fannie Hurst, convincingly told and well acted by Hope Hampton, Edna Ross, Vivia Ogden, Gladys Wilson, James Rennie, Thomas Maguire, Mary Foy, Charles Musset, Ashby Buck, Noel Tearle, George Humbert and Charles Wellesley.

**Sure Fire** (*F. B. O.*; Nov. 5).

Complicated Western drama with Hoot Gibson as a man with a perfect genius for getting mixed up with his own and other people's troubles. Molly Malone, Breezy Eason Jnr., Harry Carter, Fritz Brunette, Murdoch McQuarrie, George Fisher, Charles Newton, Jack Woods, Jack Walters, Joe Harris and Steve Clements.

**Success** (*Jury*; Nov. 5).

A fascinating behind-the-scenes drama of American theatrical life, with a cast including Naomi Childers, Dore Davidson, Mary Astor, Brandon Tyan, Lionel Adams, Robert Lee Keeling, Billy Quirk, Gay Pendleton, and John Woodford. Excellent entertainment.

**Till We Meet Again** (*W. & T.*; Nov. 26).

Mae Marsh in an appealing role in a crook and society melodrama. Supporting Mae are Norman Kerry, Martha Mansfield, Julia Swayne Gordon, Walter Miller, J. Barney Sherry, Tammany Young, Dick Lee, Danny Hayes and Fred Kalgren.

**To Have And To Hold** (*Paramount*; Nov. 12).

George Fitzmaurice's production of Mary Johnston's romantic novel of James I. times and the early Virginian colonists. Strong cloak and sword stuff, magnificently staged and acted by Betty Compson, Bert Lytell, Theodore Kosloff, W. J. Ferguson, Raymond Hatton, Claire Dubrey, Walter Long, Anne Cornwall, Fred Huntley, Arthur Rankin and Lucien Littlefield. Excellent entertainment.

(Continued  
on page  
62.)



Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in "Fury."



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Marr, Harold Lloyd (with spectacles), Louise  
Lovely, Katherine MacDonald, Mae Marsh,  
Colleen Moore, Antonio Moreno, Mae Murray,  
Ramon Novarro, Pola Negri, Baby Peggy,  
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**What A Wife Learned (Ass. First  
National; Nov. 26).**

Marital misunderstanding and a thrill climax. John Bowers, Milton Sills, Marguerite De La Motte, Evelyn McCoy, Harry Tod, Aggie Herring, Francelia Billington, Bertram Johns, Ernest Butterworth and John Stepling act well. A good domestic drama.

**What Love Forgives (Walkers; Nov. 5).**

This movie takes some forgiving. Played by Johnny Hines, Barbara Castleton, John Bowers, Bobby Connally, Muriel Ostriche, Florence Coventry, Joe Smiley, and Hazel Coates. It is a not too pleasant story of love of all kinds. Obvious, but excellently produced.

**When Husbands Deceive (W. & F.;  
Nov. 26).**

Leah Baird wrote the scenario as well as acting the leading role in this, which is screened popular fiction of the best (or worst!) type. Well produced and acted by the star, Jack Mower, Eulalie Jensen, William Conklin, Katherine Lewis, John Cossar and "Teddy." Good domestic melodrama.

**While Satan Sleeps (Paramount; Nov.  
19).**

Peter B. Kyne won't recognise his story, this is simply sobstuff laid on with a shovel. Jack Holt is excellent, so are Wade Boteler, Fritzi Brunette, Mabel Van Buren, Will R. Walling, J. P. Lockney, Fred Huntley, Betty Francisco, Sylvia Ashton, Bobby Mack and Herbert Standing. Keep away if you're critical.

**Whom the Gods Would Destroy  
(Renters; Nov. 5).**

A war story which took eighteen months to produce. Pauline Starke stars, with Jack Mulhall, Kathryn Adams, Walt Whitman, Henry Clarke and Charles French in support. A belated release.

**The Woman's Side (Ass. First National;  
Nov. 22).**

Katherine MacDonald in a long-drawn-out drama of American political life. Beautifully produced and efficiently played by the star, Edward Burns, Dwight Crittenden, Ora Devereaux and Wade Boteler.

**The World's Applause (Paramount;  
Nov. 26).**

Bebe Daniels and Lewis Stone in a stage and society story, lavishly pro-

*Monte Blue in "Main Street."*

duced and well acted. Cast also includes Kathlyn Williams, Adolphe Menjou, Brandon Hurst, Mayme Kelso, James Neill and George Kuwa. Good entertainment.

**The Woman Conquers (Ass. First  
National; Nov. 5).**

Artificial plot, but good Alaskan scenes and a real blizzard. Katherine MacDonald stars, supported by Mitchell Lewis, Bryant Washburn, June Elvige, Clarissa Selwyn, Boris Karloff and Francis MacDonald. Good entertainment.

**Your Friend And Mine (Jury; Nov. 12).**

A well-produced triangle story starring Willard Mack and Enid Bennett, supported by Elliott Dexter, Pat Moore, Mary Jane Irving, Helen Jerome Eddy, Turner Savage, Lloyd Whitlock, Barbara Worth, Arthur Hoyt and Jean Cameron. A mediocre movie.

**The Yosemite Trail (Fox; Nov. 5).**

Dustin Farnum in a picturesquely familiar story about two men and a girl. Irene Rich opposite, also Walter McGrail, W. J. Ferguson and Frank Campeau. An average Westerner.

**Ziska (Gaumont; Nov. 19).**

An Italian picturisation of Marie Corelli's reincarnation story very well done with Ileana Leonidoff in the chief role. Good spectacular romance.

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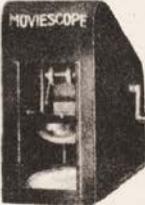
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**PICTUREGOER SALON,  
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GEORGE (Wood Green) and GEORGE (Walthamstow).—I'm not proud of you both as namesakes. I don't know which is to blame, but the George who cribbed the other one's carol on Rudolph Valentino is no friend of mine.

M. W. (Warrington).—I've forwarded your letter and wish you luck. Rudolph's generally pretty prompt about answering "fan" mail.

J. T. (Worcester).—Glad somebody appreciates me nowadays. Nobody's remembered poor old George since the Valentino craze began. (1) You're quite right, laddie. "Helen MacGregor" not "Flora MacDonald" in *Rob Roy*.

F.I.C. (Dalston).—Thanks for thanks! I'll ask the Editor about an art plate of Mildred Harris.

D.N. (Folkestone) and A KID (Calcutta).—You're a bright pair! You send two perfectly good carols—and no addresses. If you want those prizes you'll have to tell the Editor where to send them.

TRIPE (Liverpool).—Thinks PICTUREGOER is rapidly approaching the blissful state of perfection. Agreed! (1) Wallace Reid's newest films are :—*Rent Free*, *Nice People*, *The Champion*, *Clarence*, *The Dictator* and *Thirty Days*. (2) *The Affairs of Anatol*, re-titled *A Prodigal Knight*, was generally released on the 29th of the month. (3) John Barrymore, born February 15th, 1882. He's married and has a baby daughter, Joan. I may be "Monarch of the Query," but that's as far as it goes. Like old Canute, I can't stay the tide (of questions in my case).

MAWADAH (South Africa).—Letter forwarded. (1) Harrison Ford, born Kansas City, 1892, height 5ft. 10ins., brown hair and eyes. Not married now.

A SHY 'UN (Birmingham).—"George" please. You may be shy, but you know how to kiss the blarney stone. No need to be scared of me, though. I don't bite—anything worse than an occasional stolen apple. (1) H. B. Walhall was "Phil Stoneman"

in *The Birth of a Nation*. (2) Other films of his are: *Flower of the North*, *The Ableminded Lady*, *One Clear Call*, *The Kick-Back* and *The Long Chance*.

LLARMACHIS.—Thanks for bouquet. If I get many more like that, I'll need a new hat. (1) Nazimova's appearing in vaudeville at present, but she'll probably make some more films later. Her *Aphrodite* hasn't been shown anywhere yet. (2) Natascha Rambova (Mrs. Valentino) was art director of *Salome*.

Don't worry your head over Pictureplay problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a Human Encyclopædia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(3) Ruth Roland dead? Not likely! She's very much alive and having a short rest before starting another 15 episodes of peril. Her latest serial is *Ruth of the Range*. (4) Art plate of Mae Murray in June, 1922, issue. Another on page 6 of this issue.

ENQUIRER (Malvern).—(1) One of Eille Norwood's films not mentioned on your list, is *The Recoil*. He's on the stage in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at Prince's Theatre, London. (2) Eille's daughter is an adopted one. (3) Pronounced I-I-i.

RIP (Nice).—If you're the "most inquisitive person on earth," my child, your other name is Legion. (1) Lillian Gish, born October 14th, 1896, and Dorothy Gish, March 11th, 1898. (2) Lillian isn't married, but Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. (3) Mae Murray, born May 9th, 1886, married to Robert G. Leonard. Art plate of Mae appeared in June, 1922, issue, obtainable at our Publishing Dept., price 1s. 3d., post free.

DIANE (Guildford).—Your letter about Rudolph was one of many, all proclaiming the same thing. It doesn't surprise me. Letter forwarded. Send stamps, Diane. I'm not a millionaire.

A. C. R. (Thornton Heath).—What! You've only just discovered *Picturegoer*? My dear child, where have you been? (1) Raymond Hatton's about 40. (2) Height, 5ft. 7ins. (3) *Peck's Bad Boy* and *Salvage* are two recent pictures of his. His next release is *The Virginian*. (4) Married to Frances Hatton.

E. B. R. (Thornton).—You're duly forgiven. Questions really don't worry me. It's a case of familiarity breeding contempt. (1) Will Rogers is married and has three kiddies—two boys and a girl. The baby of the family died two years ago. (2) Jimmy Rogers is one of Will's small sons. He's a very gifted youngster and plays in pictures with Dad. (3) Will Rogers hasn't left the screen, he is still making two-reelers for Pathe's. (4) Shirley Mason and Raymond McKee played in *Lovetime*. Casts take up a lot of room, so in future there aren't going to be any printed in these columns unless the film's a new one. Send a stamped addressed envelope and I'll send your one by post.

A COUNTRY GIRL (Lincs).—Write and ask Rudolph for a signed photo. Send about 2s. in payment. (2) Nita Naldi was "Dona Sol" in *Blood and Sand*. (3) Rudolph is in England at the time of writing. Article dealing with *The Four Horsemen* in November, 1921, PICTUREGOER.

J. E. B. (Broadstairs).—Letter forwarded. The "spark of human kindness" in my manly bosom still burns as brightly as of yore.

Roy (Harborne).—No, I didn't get the letter you lost on the way to the post. (1) Pauline Frederick was born August 12th, 1884. (2) Uncertain that she'll visit England now. (3) Read all about her in an interview in February, 1922, PICTUREGOER.

SPIKE (Cheshire).—You do like to keep me busy, don't you? (1) Milton Sills born 1882. (2) You'll find all you want to know about Wallace Reid in *Picturegoer* for February, 1921, and June and October, 1922. (3) James Kirkwood supports Dorothy Davenport in *Human Wreckage*.

N. C. (Bristol).—Send a stamped envelope for any casts you want. Space is precious. (1) Edmund Lowe starred in *Someone in the House*, released March 6th, 1920. (2) *One Man in a Million*, released by Jury's, May 8th, 1922. (3) Jury's release most Metro films. See *Picturegoers' Guide*.

MAUREEN (Coristorphine).—Thinks it must be simply topping to be an answers man. Try it for a week and see what you'd say about it then, Maureen—, if you still retained your power of speech. (1) Send your letter to Valentino here, and I'll see he gets it. (2) You might ask Rudolph for a photo of Mrs. Valentino. (3) Beyond

*the Rocks*, released July 7th, 1923. (4) Two cousins of Dorothy and Lillian Gish were extra girls in *Orphans of the Storm*.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (Glasgow).—Yes, I'm a very easy-going young chap. Hence the title at the head of these pages, which is on everybody's lips at PICTUREGOER offices. (1) David Powell doesn't give his age. (2) Born at Glasgow, of Welsh parents. (3) Recent films of his are *Spanish Jade*, *Outcast* and *Glimpses of the Moon*.

R. H. J. (Johannesburg).—Letter forwarded on arrival. If Tom Mix intends to visit Africa, he hasn't told me about it. I'll let you know if he does.

N. L. S. (Lichfield).—You mustn't burn the midnight oil for me, Nora. But perhaps you don't need any beauty sleep? (1) James Kirkwood's 6ft. in height, rather slender, with deep blue eyes. (2) He's married to Lila Lee. (3) His first films were made with Mary Pickford and Marion Leonard. Others are:—*Marriage of the Underworld*, *The Struggle Everlasting*, *Eve's Daughter*, *The Luck of the Irish*, *The Scoffer*, *Under Two Flags*, *The Sin Flood*, *Pink Gods*, *Human Wreckage*.

SUZANNE (Paris).—Always very glad to hear from all my readers, petite—whether they're French, English or South Sea Islanders. (1) All about *The Queen of Sheba* in April, 1922, *Picturegoer*. (2) Fritz Lieber lives in New York and at present he's playing in a stage play there. (3) One of his biggest successes on the screen, apart from *The Queen of Sheba*, was his "King Louis XI. of France" in *If I Were King*. (3) I'm going to persuade the Editor to give you a nice picture of Fritz in the Christmas number, so look out for it.

J. D. (Ealing).—Wants me to verify. It's the wrong time of year for a poet, J. D.; as all but a Scotchman with me will agree. But take this small fragment, I can't say you nay, And I hope you feel pleased now you've got your own way.

MARIE (Cheshire).—You win Marie. Fifty-fifty, please! (1) "Sir Marcus Ordeyne" in *The Morals of Marcus*, and "Julian Rolfe" in *The Law and the Woman* were both played by William T. Carleton. (2) Some of Corinne Griffith's newest films are:—*Received Payment*, *Island Wives*, *Divorce Coupons*, *Six Days* and *The Common Law*.

D. C. (Ireland).—Send to "Pictures" Salon for a postcard list. I'm sure you'll like the new postcards of Rudolph. So you're thinking of transferring your young affections to Clive Brook?

#### WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

This. "We are wild because despite hairdresser's attentions we can't do Marcel credit because your scalp is in a bad way and your hair is full of dandruff." But there won't be any "wild" waves if you invest half-a-crown in a bottle of "Silkodono," the Magic Hair Remedy. It is a tonic and a dressing in one, and makes the hair beautifully thick and wavy.

## TWO LITTLE IMPS

(Continued from page 46).

child star to be featured crying and laughing together in a big close-up." She then rapidly sketched her own and her sister's careers as follows. "I was born in Scotland," she said, "and I've crossed the Atlantic twice. Jane was born abroad, but we live in New York, on Broadway. In the same place as when we left pictures four years ago. Jane's first movie was *A Daughter of the Gods*, mine *Neptune's Daughter*. Both were Annette Kellerman films. Then we were starred together in lots of Fox comedies, besides playing in other pictures, Theda Bara's amongst them. Let me see, there were *Trouble Makers*, *Two Little Imps*, *Dixie Madcaps*, and *Hickville Terrors*. Our last was *"Swat That Spy."*

We discussed Hollywood versus London, and various theatres the children have visited. I think they've seen more of London during their brief stay than we dyed-in-the-wool Cockney's see in a lifetime. "We liked the Old Curiosity Shop," said Jane. Then, after another penetrating glance at me. "Kather-een. Who does she look like?" Then Mamma Lee came in. Mrs. Irene Lee, once a noted classical dancer, is a young, slight, fair-haired woman, dressed ever so simply in black. Watching her it was easy to see whence came Katherine's winning smile and Jane's "pep" and sense of fun. She had to be assured that her babies had entertained me nicely. "Like all things feminine," she smiled, "my girlies go by contraries, for they really are obedient, well-behaved kiddies in real life, nothing like their stage or screen selves."

They are dead keen on their work too. I was allowed to stay and listen to them rehearse a new ukulele number, on my promise to be very quiet and good and not interrupt, and listened with great enjoyment to their clear young voices. This over, they danced about the room in great glee and we had chocolates all round. At last I rose to go. "Jane. Who DOES she look like?" whispered Katherine, desperately. Again two pairs of eyes scrutinised my reddening countenance. (Mother was safely out of the room), "I know," shouted Jane triumphantly. "She looks like—" naming a certain kinema star, to whom, for her sins I have twice before been told that I bear a great resemblance. "Yes," said Jane, with great satisfaction. "You really are like Miss Dash Blank." "Um-m-m," she mused, lifting up her piquant face for a kiss. "Miss Dash Blank's getting awful stout and oldish looking these days." Which thrice-blessed remark restored at a bound my banished years and dignity, and proved conclusively that, talented and precocious beyond their brief span of days though they may be, Jane and Katherine Lee really are, as the caption on their latest photograph aptly assures us, "Just Kids, that's all."

J.L.



## What Do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS AND OURS

WITHIN the December issue of *The Picturegoer* you will find many more pages than usual, some of them in colours. It is to be the best issue we have ever published, and will be packed with seasonable articles and stories. A special feature is a Complete Guide to Beauty, specially compiled by a number of leading screen artists; there are also interviews with Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, Gladys Cooper, George Arliss, and others; the story of *Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood*; Dancing Time, by Flora Le Breton, and a beautiful two-colour frontispiece of Rudolph Valentino as "Julio," in *The Four Horsemen*. This last in response to many requests. The charming coloured Christmas cover has been specially posed for you by Ivy Duke.

MABEL Forrest (Mrs. Bryant Washburn), sends us a thought upon the six essentials of a good movie. "These are," says Mabel, "(1). Action.

*According to Mabel.* Sub-titles merely beg the question.

It is better to reconstruct than to have too many sub-titles. (2). Directness. The old adage 'hew to the line' is a good one to follow, and counter-plots only distract. (3). Naturalness. Whilst every effort should be made towards originality, naturalness should never be sacrificed to gain that end. (4). Beauty. Too much contrast is a mistake, and the repulsive should never be allowed to submerge the beautiful. (5). A definite object. What is the theme? At what is the author driving? He must have a clear motive and aim

for it by the most direct route. (6). Clearly defined characters. Inconsistent people exist in real life, we know, but they do not count very much. Leading figures in a drama must stand out with cameo clearness." Excellent. What do you think?

IN the January issue one or two old features will be discarded and many new ones inaugurated. Some of these are suggestions sent in by yourselves.

*Let's All Be Editors!* Amongst them were the following, and I should

like to know which of these find most favour in the eyes of everybody. You can have until the end of this month to make your choice and advise me which suggestions to adopt and which to discard. It will be a lesson to you in the arduous task of editing a movie magazine, and if you know of any better suggestions, why, go to it, and send them along. Here are those waiting your approval:

A critical article upon the best films of the month, pointing out high lights in acting, lighting, direction, etc. Publishing the full casts

(with the film names as well as your Choice. those of the actors) of the

month's releases in a separate column to *Picturegoer's Guide*. A full analysis of a movie star each month by an expert phrenologist and character reader; *Their Planets and Yours*, a monthly article about the famous movie folk and their guiding stars. Astrology is a fascinating science, and many firmly believe that the planets influence the character of

those born beneath their rule. A series of articles by famous stars upon Health and Beauty. These are five ideas which appeal to us. What do you think?

SPEAKING upon Art and the Kinema recently, George Pearson, the famous Welsh-Pearson director, defined Art as "A suggestion through material means of feelings which are formless."

"That much abused word 'Art,'" he declared, "is popularly supposed to refer to some rarefied form of pleasure to be enjoyed only by cultured minds. But Art is something far greater. By Art alone is the imagination nurtured, the soul fired, and the whole of life invigorated. It is in a resemblance between the feeling conceived by the Artist and the feeling produced by his work that the poetry of Art lies. And the moving picture is a thing of moods, not of words, of eye play, built up emotion by emotion, not action by action; it means tremendously more than the mechanical moving about of figures. The capture of emotion is greater than the Euclidian logicality of story so much beloved of 'Continuity' writers." I wish I could quote the whole of the speech made by this British genius. I think we ought to feel very proud that Pearson is a Britisher. What do you think?

HERE'S a Cheshire correspondent's views upon the same subject "*Phyllis (Yorkshire)*," writes of high artistic quality," writes *Art and the Kinema. Thinker (Cheshire.*

"Films too often have a commonplace theme which is far from interesting, for, as *Phyllis* says, it is no use paying to see the things we witness in our everyday lives. There are plenty of wonderful stories in history, which would make splendid films, if done by a competent producer. What we want in films is artistic quality. The word Art is largely associated with Beauty (and who does not like beautiful pictures?). More attention should be paid by film producers to pictorial composition. But in some pictures we do see an attempt made at composition, as in Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, Nazimova's, Mae Murray's, and Swedish films. The film could and should be one of the highest and most ennobling of arts."

THE THINKER.

